

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

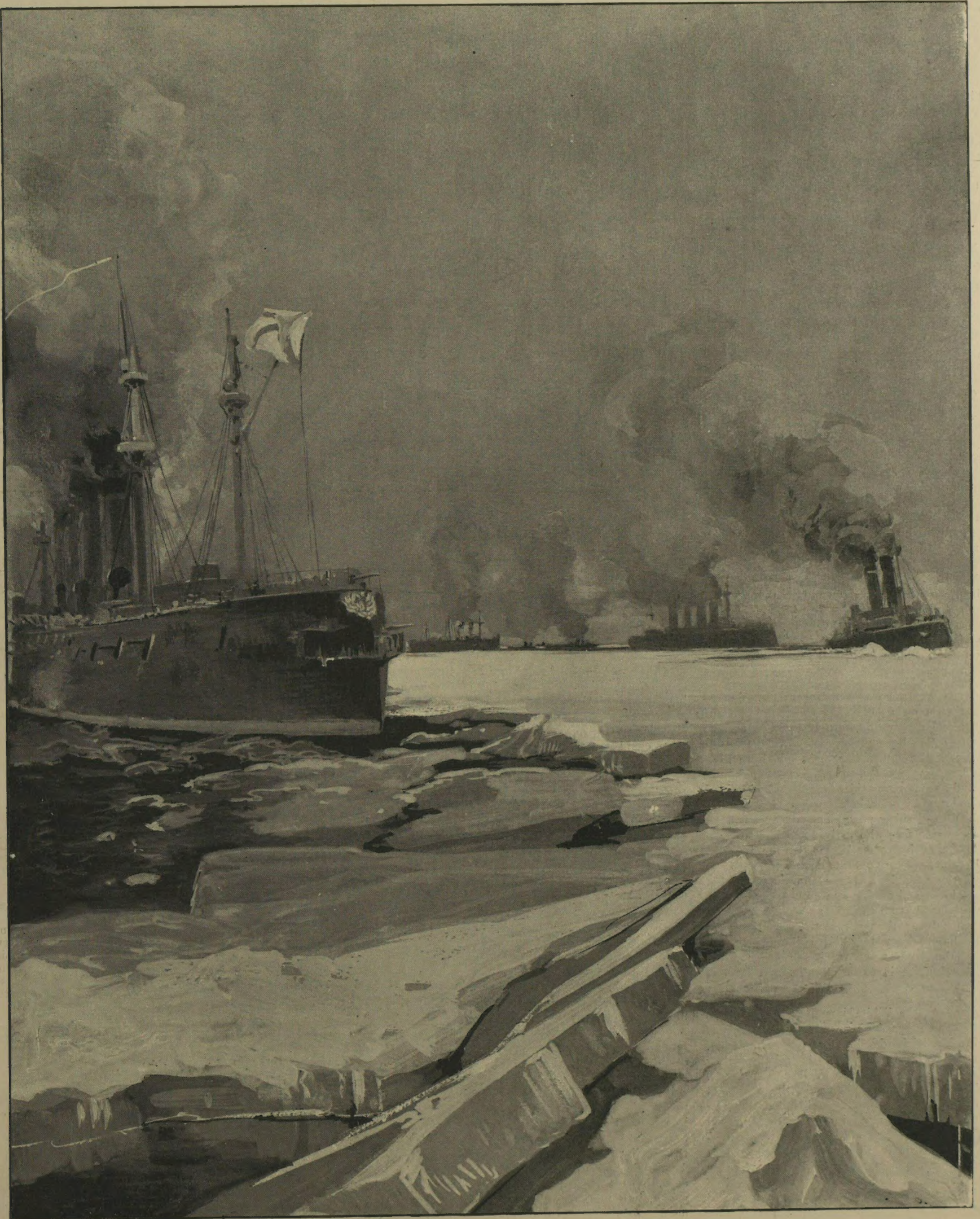
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1904

SIXPENCE.

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"Rossia."

"Rurik."

Torpedo-Boat.

"Gromovoi."

The Ice-Breaker.

THE WAY OUT OF FROZEN VLADIVOSTOK: AN ICE-BREAKING STEAMER LEADING THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON OUT OF HARBOUR THROUGH 2 FT. OF ICE.

DRAWN BY M. JOHANSON FROM A SKETCH BY A RUSSIAN OFFICER.

This picture must not be taken to refer to the recent departure of the war-ships to attack Hakodate, but to an earlier occasion.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I have received a letter from Mr. Arthur Vogan, of Wellington, New Zealand, which deserves the attention of the War Office. Mr. Vogan served in South Africa, and was the sergeant of the Field Intelligence Scouts who captured Commandant Scheepers. For this exploit he was recommended for the D.C. medal, but "never received it or the reward offered by the Government." Mr. Vogan lays no particular stress on his own personal grievance. It is an illustration of the utter neglect which has been the portion of the Colonial Irregulars who fought in South Africa, as distinguished from the Colonial Contingents, upon whom, says Mr. Vogan, "rewards and decorations have been heaped with a lavish hand." He writes with bitterness, and I do not wonder. "The Irregular regiments, such as Brabant's Horse, the Welsh Yeomanry, the Prince of Wales' Light Horse, to which I belonged, have been apparently altogether forgotten. In my regiment's case, the men paid their own passages to the front, received no forty days' pay, had no uniforms, arms, etc., given them on discharge, as in the case of the Contingents. We are now a disbanded body that is of no use to anybody, and all our attempts to obtain attention meet with evasive replies. Lately I have come into a little property, and can now afford to fight this matter, which, in common with my old comrades, I could not do before. I have interviewed the Governor here, the Earl of Ranfurly, and he has expressed sympathy with us, and has promised to present a petition to the Secretary of State, which I have prepared. But his Excellency holds out little hope of the Secretary feeling inclined to interfere."

Last summer, as Mr. Vogan reminds me, when the war had been over about a year, there was a great outcry in the newspapers on behalf of these forgotten soldiers of the Empire. The old War Office, tottering to its death-bed, mumbled the excuse that "the Roll had not been sent in." Mr. Vogan says this was not true of his regiment. His own case was mentioned in the House of Commons long ago. But the whole affair comes up there periodically, and is smothered with official generalities. This week it has been admitted that even the fortunate Colonial Contingents have not yet received all their pay. Last week there was some vague assertion that inquiry about the medals was still going on. But the old War Office is nearly dead, and probably thinks that Mr. Vogan's story is an indecent disturbance of its last moments. Its successor, from which we hope so much, what will its successor say? There may be an inclination to say this: "Please don't bother this new and vastly superior War Office with complaints about something that happened before it was born. You tell us there was a war in South Africa, and that men who fought well have been scandalously treated. We have no official cognisance of that war. This new and sublime War Office has no responsibility for it, and is rather disposed to think it is a myth."

"No one seems to care," continues Mr. Vogan, "whether these thousands of young Colonials who are now forgotten feel deeply this base ingratitude or not. The medals, had they been given soon after the return of the men, or at the end of the war, would have been highly prized. Now we feel sore, disappointed, and disgusted; and as one man said to me the other day (he served with great distinction in the war): 'I don't care if I do get the d—d thing now. They can keep them. The medals given to men who arrived too late to see a shot fired are of no value to me.'" Is this the Imperial sentiment that the Secretary of State desires to foster and perpetuate in the Colonies? He cannot imagine that the people at home will grudge the cost of the medals. It would be welcomed as an oasis in an appalling waste. Better this expenditure than a new tradition for many Colonials to hand down to their children, that to volunteer at the utmost personal sacrifice for the service of the Empire is to be slighted and ignored when the fight is over.

At the dinner of the Whitefriars Club last week, as I listened to Sir George Trevelyan on the writing of history, and to Mr. Richard Whiteing on the simple life, I felt that the true ideal was to be a historian, placidly jogging about the country in a Yellow Van. Mr. Whiteing drew a fascinating picture of the ease and affluence of a man who can change his abode at five minutes' notice, with no more impedimenta than will surmount the roof of a four-wheeled cab. A writing-table, with commodious drawers, a camp-bedstead, a three-legged stool, a portmanteau, and what more do you need? You can be transported from one end of the town to the other in the course of the morning, and resume after lunch that philosophical chapter on "Party Politics and the Soul" without the smallest disturbance in the current of high meditation. Better still to drive the Yellow Van through England, and write your history under the greenwood tree or beside the purling

stream. You must be sure of two things for comfort and complacency. One of them is a gentle season of the year, without which your historical musings will scarcely be humane. The other is the possession of a name guaranteed by Mr. George Moore as suitable for a historian.

Mr. Moore has a dissertation on famous literary names in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. How absurd to be called Dickens or Thackeray! No man with such a name as Dickens could have written the Spenserian stanza. As for Thackeray, the very sound of it suggests to Mr. Moore the rattle of plates. This is a new and persuasive method of criticism. How can anyone believe that Bacon wrote "The Advancement of Learning"? The name reminds you of a frying-pan. Don't tell me that Mr. W. B. Yeats wrote that charming fantasy, "The Countess Cathleen." Yeats rhymes with plates. Marion Evans disguised herself as George Eliot; but Evans she remained, and her work is what you might expect from an Evans. Mr. Moore, I dare say, despises the "Pilgrim's Progress" because Bunyan's name suggests corns, which are bad for pilgrims. Once upon a time Mr. Moore was an admirer of Whistler's; but now he must see that nobody named Whistler could possibly be accepted seriously as a painter. He has another theory—that no writer with a flowing style can be a thinker. Mr. Moore's style is certainly not flowing, but of his capacity to think you can easily judge.

A correspondent writes: "Let me tell you an adventure I have had in literary circles. There's a society for the cultivation of Irish poetry and philosophy; and bedad, it gave a dance. I had a card, and it made me feel like Colonel Newcome in the Cave of Harmony, when he looked around for the wits. 'There'll be poets,' says I, 'and philosophers; and the eyes of Dark Rosaleen will sparkle in the jig. Yeats will take the flure, and toss his wild, ebony locks; George Moore will twirl a shillelagh and trail his coat; and a fiddler from Meath will scrape away like mad.' Will you believe it, there wasn't a bard on the premises? There was an Irish dance called 'The Humours of Bandon,' for which a sad-faced musician piped a heart-rending melody on the flute; and Dark Rosaleen turned out to be an English girl, who had picked up the steps in Donegal. 'Shure,' I said, 'the Humours of Bandon would be all the better for a thrifle more abandon,' whereat the flute gave a wail like a tormented banshee. 'Is it true,' I asked Rosaleen, 'that in Ireland the boys and girls have left off dancing because the priests frown on the innocent diversion?' 'True!' said she. 'Of course it isn't; or how should I have learned to dance in Donegal?' So I surmised that the art of melancholy skipping in that county is a reviving Irish industry.

"But what is a literary dance without quotations? I had a partner, and I whispered in her ear—

Have ye heard of the Widow Malone?
Ochone!

She stopped dead. 'None of that, if you please!' quoth she. 'These dances are not literary now, and they're not Irish. We got rid of the Irish element long ago. I'm English,' she added severely. What a blow to a patriot and a student of literature! The simple fountain of poesy in my soul was dried up; and all I could say to her was—'Don't you find dancing a wholesome exercise?' That wasn't right either. 'Let me sit down, please!' she said in a great huff. 'You're as bad as the old gentleman who was introduced to me at a ball last week.' 'What sort of a criminal was he?' I inquired humbly. 'He said his doctor had prescribed dancing, and he took it like a powder!' 'Faith,' said I, 'then he took you for the jam!' Do you think that smoothed her ruffled feathers? Divil a bit. She just turned her back on me. This is how Irish hearts, even here in London, are thrampled on by the Saxon!

Another Irish correspondent, writing from Belfast, assures me that the phrase "I want you to come" implies that "all invitations issued from the same quarter without these words" must be understood to mean "I don't want you to come." Ha! I perceive matter for jealousy here. My Belfast friend has had a plain card of invitation from somebody—just the formality, and no more. But he has detected exultation in the air of a rival, also bidden to the party, and the dreadful thought has struck him: "I knew it! On his card is written, 'I want you to come!'" Have I, then, like Iago, dropped poison into a mind which was once as free and open as the firmament? My correspondent strives to hide his emotion by telling me that I may become responsible for a universal usage, which will turn the invitation-card, now transmitted through the post for a half-penny, into "matter of the nature of a letter." He need not have tried to deceive me in this way. He knows that "I want you to come" is sure to be guarded by the privacy of a penny stamp—if not of a registered envelope; whereas he has received the ordinary hospitable circular. Ha! the poison works.

THE BANDITS OF MANCHURIA.

BY ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS.

A fighting element, and one which the contestants have under-estimated in the coming struggle, is the Hunghusa or "red-whiskered" gentleman of Manchuria, better known to the British public as the "bandit." But from all accounts he has not been forgotten in the Far East; and the reason, doubtless, why the Chinese have sent Yuanshi-Kai and his army corps to the Great Wall at Shan-hai-kwan is to keep these very robbers in Manchuria, seeing that their trade—a well-carried-out and lucrative one—will disappear with the arrival of large bodies of Japanese and Russian troops in the country. These bandits are reported, truthfully I take it, to be 200,000 strong. They have plenty of small-arm ammunition, but no artillery or large guns of any description. They are mostly composed of disbanded soldiers of the Chinese army who have been drilled by foreigners. They are much better shots than the Siberian Cossack, for their shooting is their living. There is a probability of the Chinese militia joining the Hunghuses, if they have not already done so. They are modernly armed; in fact, they use the weapons captured from the robbers from time to time.

The bandits are in a way honest, for they give passes to the villagers who bring their produce to Newchwang both by the water and roadways. Carts and boats holding passes from these robbers carry the flag of the band that issued the passes; and, strange to relate, these flags are always respected by the men of other bands. So that once having paid his toll to the robber, the villager goes on his way rejoicing, well knowing that he has nothing more to fear.

Now, what happened when the Japanese took possession of the country following the Chino-Japanese War? The Japanese, seeing that they could not cope with the bandit, allowed him to carry on a trade which kept the country settled to the satisfaction of both villager and bandit, and did not interfere with this, as it were, legitimate trade. On the other hand, when the Russians took possession of Manchuria, and particularly Newchwang in 1900, during the Boxer trouble, the higher Russian authorities endeavoured to put down the bandit by force of arms; but those having authority in a lesser degree did not do so, they only tried to put him down when he would or could not meet their demands, which often led to trouble. Moreover, the Siberian Cossack is not too well paid, and as he generally was on patrol, if picketed in villages, all over the country, the unfortunate villagers fell between the robber and the Russian troops; but as the troops were always being moved about the country, the villager was required to provide himself with a pass from each new body of troops, in contrast to the bandits' one request, and this request was of daily occurrence. The bandit could not get his living, because he could not guarantee the countryman against losses through the Russians.

The villager dared not send his goods to down-country markets, for, even if he could settle with the bandit, he was sure to fall into the hands of the Cossack; hence it will be seen that neither the villager nor bandit has any kind regard for the Russian troops. In fact, it was known that the Russians had to fight with considerable loss some rearguard actions in 1900; and they had to allow these same bandits to destroy one, and practically for some time close up another, of the two principal coal-mines belonging to the railway between Port Arthur and Mukden.

It was the bandits who destroyed the Trans-Siberian Railway between Mukden and Port Arthur in the Boxer trouble, carrying away rails and sleepers for miles, cutting into small pieces the iron bridges—a feat one would think was impossible, but they get the villagers to help them, and work like ants. If the railway is to be protected with any success it will require not only pickets along the line, but strong bodies of troops at close intervals, as these bandits are daring to a degree, and have past grievances with the Russians to wipe out.

The bandits are in no way subservient to China, and their action cannot be taken as having in any way the approval of the Chinese Government; in fact, the strong force of Chinese troops sent to the Great Wall plainly shows how the Chinese Government fear these men and show their intention to keep them out of China proper, and the neutral part thereof; otherwise they will be infesting and preying on that part of China when driven off by the troops of the two belligerent nations.

Japan has doubtless counted upon the assistance of the robber, and, from all reports, apparently with satisfactory results, for he will not give the Russian troops any assistance; in fact, he will prevent the giving of assistance, and show the villager how to outwit the Russians. As the Japanese and Manchurian characters in their correspondence are very similar, they will be perfectly able to understand one another, which will be conducive to their bringing in supplies to the Japanese in preference to the Russians, who have no knowledge of the language whatsoever.

From the foregoing remarks it will be seen that the Hunghusa is a thorough business man, and when calling upon his victim always leaves his card with his request for assistance. The calling-card of Lu-bow-an, one of the most powerful robbers, is shown, and the original was left upon the headman of the village of Shun-kakong-Tsze, and 800 dollars paid over to satisfy the caller, who, with his friends, will play a very conspicuous part in the coming struggle. They know their power, and they are keenly alive to the fairness with which they were treated by the Japanese when they held the reins of government, and to the very different way they will fare if they have to live under the Russian régime.

劉寶安

A BRIGAND'S
VISITING CARD.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A MAN OF HONOUR," AT THE AVENUE.

Playgoers' thanks are due to Miss Muriel Wylford for enabling them to renew acquaintance with Mr. Somerset Maugham's remarkable Stage Society play, "A Man of Honour," the more as in the Avenue reproduction Miss Wylford herself provides a very arresting piece of acting. Here is a drama which, now that the author has softened down its cynical ending, ranks as the most interesting and observant work our stage has known for many a day. Quite an ordinary episode of to-day is Mr. Maugham's theme—a *mésalliance* of barrister and barmaid, with the usual results of hopeless incompatibility, eternal bickerings, and the husband's contemplated infidelity—with the final issue of the despairing wife's suicide, bringing half remorse, half relief to the "hero." But all so naturally, so faithfully treated! Watch the quarrel of this ill-matched pair; how distressingly true is their conversation; what nervous, colloquial English! Observe how absolutely life-like are the portraits of poor reckless Jenny and her cad of a brother, and yet note with what a firm grasp of essentials the whole scheme is handled! Mr. Maugham should go far. Like the play itself, Miss Wylford's impersonation of the wife, Jenny, is realistic in the correct sense of the word, full of sensibility, free from any suspicion of extravagance.

"ROMEO AND JULIET," AT THE COURT.

Certain constant merits, apart from tasteful staging, characterise Mr. J. H. Leigh's Shakspearean revivals: the members of his company are always earnest in their work and always audible. It is a pleasure, at the Court Theatre, to be able to hear the text, to have actors doing their best, not for themselves, but for their author. Something more, however, than sound elocution is needed for the interpretation of a romantic tragedy like "Romeo and Juliet," and that something not all the Court players possess. Thus Mrs. Leigh, for all her pretty girlishness, fails to express the tragic aspect of Juliet. Mr. Charles Lander, again, proves, rather too uniformly gloomy a Romeo; and the manager himself, who plays Friar Lawrence—clean shaven—errs on the side of melancholy.

"THE DARLING OF THE GUARDS," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

To the many attractive features of "The Schoolgirl," which render this musical comedy still popular at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, yet another has been added in "The Darling of the Guards," a most diverting travesty of the Japanese play now filling His Majesty's playhouse. In this interpolated skit Mr. Arthur Roberts as Saccharine, Minister of Bluff, takes the most prominent part, and, equally by his songs, particularly one with a chorus beginning "Under the Beerbohm Tree," by his quaint topical sallies and by his kindly mimicry, keeps his audience in fits of delighted laughter. The inimitable comedian is well supported by Miss Edna May, who copies with just sufficient exaggeration the little cries and fluttering runs and perennial kneelings of Miss Lena Ashwell's charming Yo-San.

"AMORELLE," AT THE COMEDY.

A really enthusiastic welcome was accorded last week to "Amorelle," a musical play which, originally produced some months ago at the Kennington Theatre, has now found at the Comedy a regular West-End home. The elaborate plot of this "comic opera," to which its author, Mr. Barton White, gives a vague Gallic setting, deals, it may be remembered, with the conflicting fortunes of twin brothers, respectively vicious and industrious, with the misunderstandings of two amiable heroines, and with the extraordinary adventures of a comic jack-of-all-trades—artist, quack, balloonist, and what not besides. To say that Mr. Edouin plays this last-mentioned character with his customary energetic drollery, that Mr. Charles Wibrow as a stolid old sailor is in capital contrast with his irrepressible fellow-comedian, that Mr. Sydney Barraclough fulfils both vocally and personally all requirements of a hero of comic opera, and that Miss Mabelle Gilman acts and sings and dances in the title-role with a nervous vivacity characteristically American, is to imply that "Amorelle" is thoroughly well interpreted; and it need only be added that M. Serpette's tuneful score lends constant attractiveness to a bright and amusing entertainment.

"A QUEEN'S ROMANCE," AT THE IMPERIAL.

It is curious to note at the Imperial Theatre the lack of harmony between the histrionic methods adopted by the two chief English interpreters of Victor Hugo's famous stage romance, "Ruy Blas." As the exalted lackey, of whose theatrical woes and rhetorical ardours Fechter made so much, Mr. Lewis Waller is sonorous, vehement, regardful only of broad effects. As the haughty Queen, on whom Don Salluste plays his vile trick of revenge, Mrs. Patrick Campbell is spiritual, intense, and full of inner subtlety. Apart, the two players are each in a different way impressive; but when brought together they do not match. The same uncomfortable contrast appears between Mr. John Davidson's text and Hugo's story. The English poet has cut down five into three acts, yet he seems to have retarded instead of quickened the action and to have lessened the fantastic tale's plausibility. His blank verse, gorgeous as are some of its daring conceits and glowing metaphors, appears to lack the true romantic rush.

"MY LADY OF ROSEDALE," AT THE NEW.

To Anglicise Alfred Capus is to essay a difficult task: his wit loses its lightness in our heavier tongue; his themes are too intimately Parisian to bear transplantation to English soil. So Mr. Comyns Carr has only half succeeded in adapting "La Châtelaine," that delightful fantasy conceived under the very shadow of the divorce court. Happily, the acting at the New Theatre needs no qualified praise. Who like Charles Wyndham can play the authoritative champion of womanhood? And with Miss Mary Moore as a feather-head, Miss Gertrude Kingston in an incisive comedy rôle,

and Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis showing increasing power as the heroine, Charles Wyndham has proper support.

THE TIVOLI'S NEW PROGRAMME.

In view of the current craze for wrestling, it is hardly surprising that the most popular "turn" at the Tivoli just now should be that provided by Yukio Tani, who is described as "Apollo's wonderful Japanese wrestler." But the Tivoli management has also engaged De Biere, a magician who produces the most bewildering "illusions," and boasts that in the course of them he uses neither trap-doors nor mirrors. Many other talented performers fill out a very varied and entertaining programme.

MUSIC.

On Ash Wednesday the Royal Choral Society gave an excellent performance of the new sacred cantata "The Atonement," a composition by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor. It was first produced in September of 1903 at the Hereford Festival. The text of the composition has been revised, the actual words of the Bible being given instead of the paraphrase by Mrs. Parsons formerly employed. The musical talent of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is so undeniably great that it is a pity his choice of subject was not different. It is not that his music is not emotionally beautiful and rich in varied effects, but it is that it is too full of sensuous life for the highly devotional subject he seeks to illustrate. This is the reason why it can never be so great a work as "Hiawatha," where the barbaric primeval simplicity of the subject was so greatly in harmony with Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's peculiar genius.

A WAR RUMOUR.

The report of a fresh attack on Port Arthur, in which the Japanese were said to have lost four battleships and two cruisers, is unconfirmed, but there seems to have been an attempt to block the harbour by sinking merchant-vessels.

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THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

A week has passed—a week without news of any event equalling either in its strategic importance or its dramatic interest the startling events of the first few days of the war. The public appetite has been whetted; but it is not satisfied, and it still hungers after “startling incidents.” The result is only natural. There has been from day to day a supply—largely imaginative but wholly worthless—of news the end and aim of which has been, by a striking line on the contents-sheet, to catch the pennies and halfpennies of the gullible public.

For the purposes of this article the most significant information of a trustworthy nature is that which tells of the withdrawal of the Viceroy to Mukden, and of the Japanese advance to Ping-Yang.

The retirement of Admiral Alexeieff to Mukden betokens at once the realisation on the part of the Russians of the magnitude of the task that lies before them, and the utter lack of preparation that has been made to meet it. Everything that has hitherto occurred goes to show that the Russians had under-estimated their enemy. The dispersion of their naval forces, the aimless movements of their squadrons, and the surprise at Port Arthur are all evidence of this lack of preparation. The result has been terrible, inasmuch as its effect has been far more calamitous than any similar disaster on land could entail. There is unquestionably a lesson here for ourselves. By its negligence the Russian Government has lost not only the greater part of the Pacific Squadron, but the command of the sea, and that protection to the communications of its land forces which the army naturally and rightly expected to receive. No defeat of its troops, not even the surrender of an army corps, could have such far-reaching results as this catastrophe by sea. And, bad as it is for a Power like Russia, still worse, still more fatal would it prove to an island empire such as ours to be found faced by a similar predicament.

On the other hand, the information from Korea illustrates in the clearest possible manner the readiness of Japan not only to strike, and strike quickly, as its naval forces did, but to take advantage of the successes which such action entails. A *Times* correspondent tells us how it was at first the intention of the military authorities to land their troops at Masampo, but how, as a consequence of the naval victories, the base of land operations was transferred to Chemulpo, and from there to Seoul, to advance to Ping-Yang and the Yalu. Now we hear of the intention to push the base even still farther up the coast, probably to Chi-nam-po, in the Tat-Tung Inlet, as soon as the ice permits.

The strategic importance of an advance to Ping-Yang and the Yalu is made clear when it is remembered that so long as this part of Korea is dominated by the Russian troops, it will be difficult to use Chi-nam-po as a base, or to utilise the eastern ports in the north of the peninsula. What the menace of a naval force intact and mobile implies may be gathered from the decision of the Japanese authorities not to use Gen-san until the Russian squadron at Vladivostok has been dealt with.

The force already landed in Korea consists of three divisions, about 60,000 men, and this should be quite sufficient to meet the Russians on the Yalu, where although the position is strong, and should by this time have been fortified, there cannot be half these numbers. There is some similarity between the position at An-Tung and that of the Boers on the north bank of the Tugela. But it is not to be supposed that the Japanese will repeat our mistakes. Already the manner in which they have been surveying the coast-line from the Yalu to Pi-Tsz-Wo indicates an intention of turning the right of the Russian line and of an endeavour to cut the communications with the Manchurian Railway. The first meeting of the opponents in force may be at Ping-Yang; but it is the Yalu which must be the objective of the Japanese troops. Doubtless they are well posted as to the force of the Russian field army; and it is difficult to believe that, after deducting the garrisons at Port Arthur and Vladivostok, the railway guards, and the newly arrived men at Harbin, the surplus available can represent an effective force of much more than half the number of the army corps Japan has already in Korea.

To return for a moment to the naval operations. The second torpedo-boat attack upon Port Arthur, when the destroyers found themselves separated and enveloped in a snowstorm and yet succeeded in pushing home with their deadly machines, reminds us of the brilliant achievements at Wei-hai-Wei which resulted in the destruction of Admiral Ting's flag-ship and the remnants of the Chinese fleet. The phrasing of the telegrams is a little vague, but it almost seems as if the two destroyers had pushed their way into the harbour before discharging their torpedoes—an even

more daring exploit than that accomplished by their brethren in the roadstead on the night of the 8th.

It will be interesting to see what Admiral Makaroff can make of so much as is left to him of the Port Arthur fleet, and what the next move is to be of Commodore Reisenstein at Vladivostok. The latter appears to have queer views about the ethics of naval warfare, not to speak of the uses of a squadron such as he commands. But we may take it as fairly certain that if he makes



RUSSIA'S COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF LAND FORCES FOR THE FAR EAST: GENERAL KUROPATKIN.

another trip to the Japanese shores he will not find his way back into Vladivostok unchallenged.

ICE-BREAKERS IN WAR.

BY H. C. FYFE.

The subject of ice-breaking steamers is of very great interest at the present moment. While Port Arthur is always an open harbour, at Vladivostok the ice may attain a thickness of thirty-six inches. At this latter port there is usually stationed an ice-breaker, the *Nadeshny*, which keeps a channel open so that Russian war-ships can pass in and out. Again, in the Baltic, thanks to the *Ermack* and other ice-breakers, there is no difficulty in putting to sea for the Russian fleet, which usually winters at Cronstadt.

On Lake Baikal are two ice-breakers—the *Baikal*, the largest ice-breaking railway ferry-steamer in the world, carrying locomotives and trains; and the *Angara*, which conveys passengers only. If the ice is too thick for these vessels, the crossing has to be made by means of sledges.

An interesting account of the *Baikal* has been given by Mr. A. Gulston, of Messrs. Armstrong and Co., her

it contracts and cracks, leaving dangerous crevices across the lake. This lasts for well over four months of every year.

Until lately, all crossing Lake Baikal in winter was by sledges over the ice, and, as severe blizzards and fogs are common, it sometimes happened that an unfortunate traveller, driver, horses, and sledge would go down one of these cracks. The distance of the ferry across the lake is fifty-two miles. The ferry vessel is 290 feet long, and 4200 tons displacement, and her draught, under ordinary working conditions, is about 19 feet. She has three sets of triple-expansion engines, one at the bow, and two screws at the stern. The principle of subdivision is carried out in the highest degree, and a large number of compartments would have to be pierced before she would sink. The vessel has luxurious accommodation, and a promenade deck for the use of passengers while they are making the passage across. During the winters that this enormous steamer has been at work, she has proved herself to be most successful in keeping the service open under difficulties of ice-navigation that were unknown, and therefore even unthought of, during her construction. Of course, there was no knowledge of the ice as regards navigating purposes in Lake Baikal until this vessel went to work.

The vessel has three lines of rails, entered from the forward end; the centre track is very strong, to carry the locomotives, which on this railway weigh, loaded with tender, from 94 to 104 tons. Her consort, the *Angara*, is a fine ice-breaker, having one screw of 1500 i.h.p. triple-expansion engines and loco-boilers. These boilers were adopted so as to get over the difficulty of transshipment from St. Petersburg to Lake Baikal. She is a most successful ice-breaker, making her passages with the utmost regularity with mails and passengers.

The strongest ice-breaker in the world is the *Ermack*, designed by Admiral Makaroff, now appointed to the Russian fleet in the Pacific. This magnificent piece of naval architecture is 335 ft. long, 71 ft. beam, and has a displacement (with coals on board) of 8000 tons on a draught of 22 ft.

Her bow engine, though successful in one-year-old ice, has been removed, as the shape at the bow to admit the propeller was not suited to the requirements of the Polar ice. Her speed through twenty-four inches of solid ice, with six to twelve inches of snow on the top of it, is nine knots an hour, and she can charge and demolish packs of ice twenty to thirty-five feet in thickness. In Polar ice the speed has to be kept at about two-and-a-half to three-and-a-half knots an hour, as one is apt to lose control of the vessel in this enormous ice, and the local shocks become very severe when she is charging about at her own “sweet will” among the Palæocrystic ices. She has proved herself to be of enormous use on her station on the Baltic coast of Russia, where she can conquer any ice, and can safely bring out of danger all steamers that she goes to assist. In one short season, she rescued and assisted the shipping of over two millions sterling value, and in another winter she saved the Russian battleship *General Admiral Apraxine*, of £750,000 value.

PARLIAMENT.

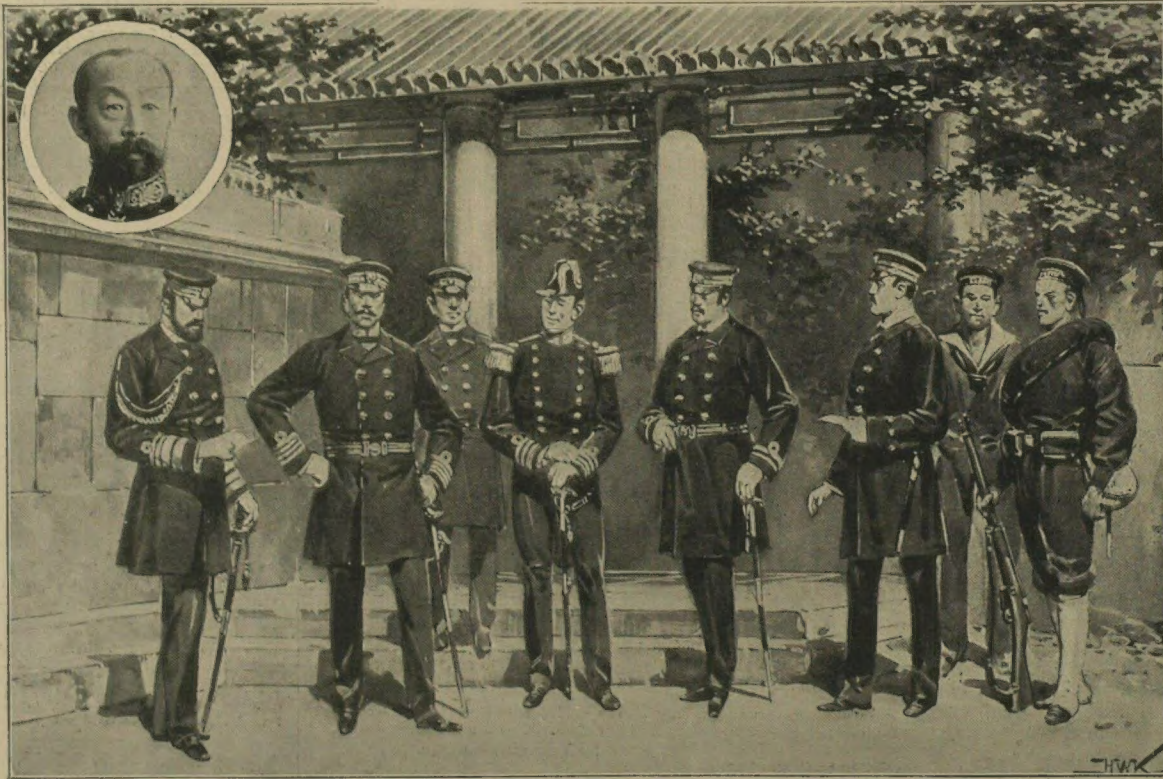
Mr. Arnold-Forster introduced the Supplementary Estimate of £2,700,000 for Army services. This included all outstanding accounts in respect of the late war. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman held that considerable sums in the Supplementary Estimate ought to have been included in the ordinary Estimates for the year; and Mr. Gibson Bowles protested generally against the system of presenting Supplementary Estimates. Mr. Bromley-Davenport caused considerable astonishment by a statement which implied that £800,000 was the interest at 4 per cent. or 2½ per cent. on £5000, a financial fallacy which Mr. Lloyd George was not slow to point out. Dr. Macnamara successfully moved the adjournment of the

House for the discussion of the Chinese Labour Ordinance, causing thereby a considerable fluttering of the Ministerial dovecot, and absent members were hurriedly telegraphed for in case of accidents. Supporters of the Government, indeed, showed considerable signs of uneasiness during the discussion, and Mr. Lyttelton betrayed positive irritation in replying to a vigorous speech delivered by Mr. Crooks. The motion was lost by a majority of 56. When the Naval Supplementary Estimates came on next day Mr. Bromley-Davenport confessed that he was no expert in finance, but hoped before long to be one. Confusion arising from replies on the part of Ministers to questions from the Opposition required Mr. Lowther's aid to disentangle, and finally Mr. Akers-Douglas moved the closure, which was carried by a majority of 69. Irish Railway rates formed the next business, and Mr. J. O'Brien lost his motion that excessive rates and defective transport retard the advancement of Ireland.

THE SCOURGE OF PORT ARTHUR: ADMIRAL TOGO.

Sub-Lieutenant.

Sailor (Full-Dress).



Vice-Admiral.

Captain.

Commander (Full-Dress).

Lieutenant.

Warrant Officer.

Sailor (Landing-Dress).

SEAMEN OF JAPAN: OFFICERS AND MEN OF VARIOUS RANKS.

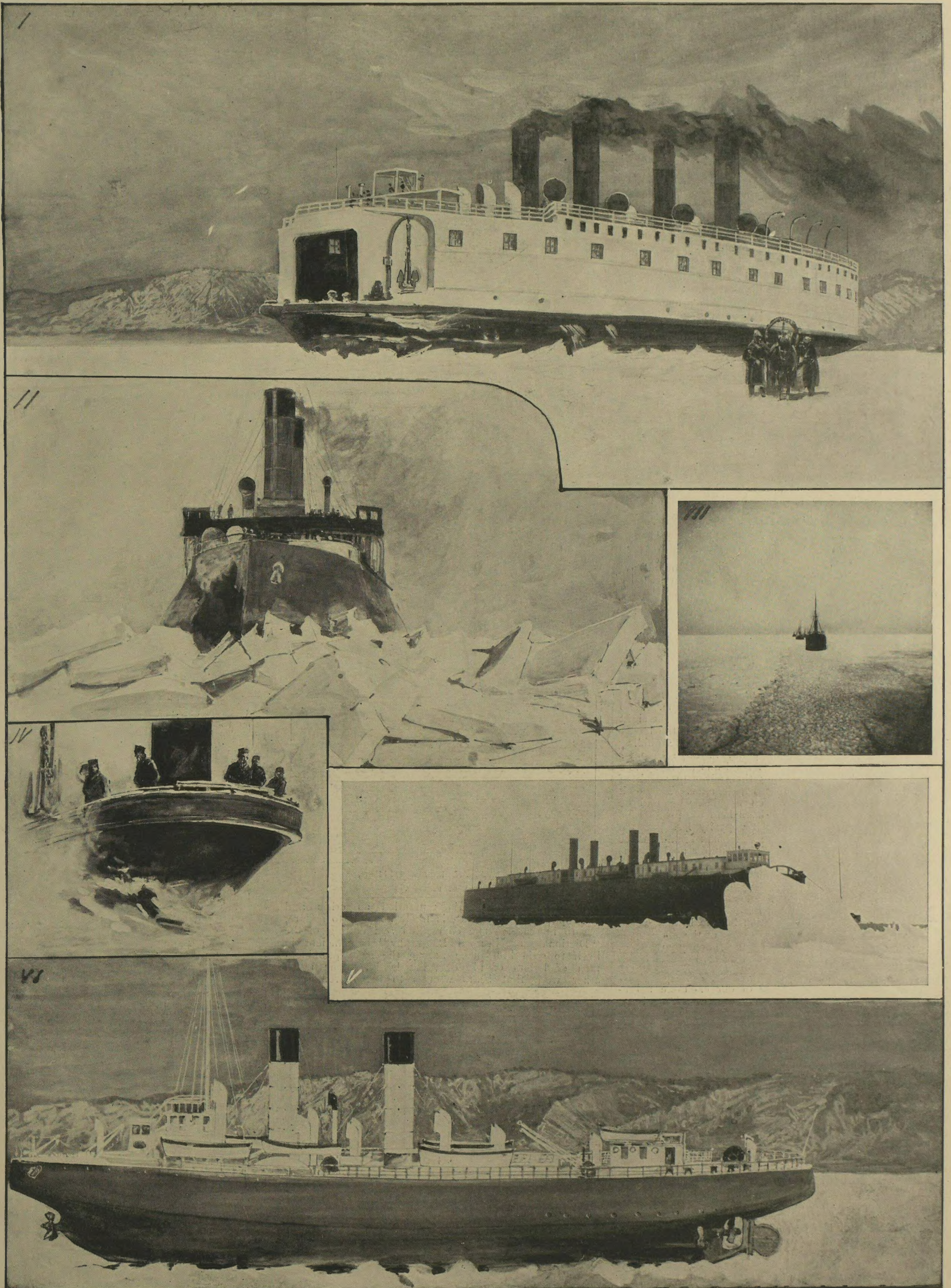
DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.

constructors, in a recent lecture delivered in the North: Lake Baikal lies N.E. to S.W., and all round the S.W. corner of the lake the Tartar mountains impinge on the lake itself; and to make this railway round the corner of the lake meant some 500 tunnels and bridges, more or less; and as the valleys are very steep, and work can only be carried on during the open months, the engineering difficulties are apparent. Also, landing from the lake is out of the question, as the debris from the mountains and valleys prevents this, and, as very strong gales blow without warning on this stretch of water (principally from the north-east)—the lake being 500 miles long and nearly 4000 ft. deep—dangerous seas get up, making it impossible for vessels to lie at the south-west corner.

The field ice on Lake Baikal forms thirty-six inches deep; owing to the gales it packs heavily, particularly towards the Tartar coast, even grounding in some cases; and, owing to the extreme cold coming at times quite suddenly and the ice being land-locked,

ICE-BREAKING SHIPS: THE RUSSIAN METHOD OF FREEING SHIPS FROM FROZEN PORTS.

DRAWINGS BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY H. C. FYFE.



I. THE ICE-BREAKING RAILWAY FERRY-STEAMER ON LAKE BAIKAL.
The train is run bodily on board the steamer, and occupies the lower deck. The comparatively restricted area of broken ice is shown by the nearness to which a horse-sleigh can approach the passing vessel with safety.

2. THE MOST POWERFUL VESSEL IN THE WORLD: THE RUSSIAN ICE-BREAKER "ERMACK" AT WORK.
3. THE "ERMACK'S" EFFICIENCY: FROZEN-IN SHIPS LIBERATED THROUGH A CHANNEL CUT BY THE ICE-BREAKER.

4. PLOUGHING THROUGH THE ICE: THE BOWS OF THE LAKE BAIKAL RAILWAY FERRY, DURING THE TRANSIT OF THE FROZEN LAKE.
5. AN AMERICAN ICE-BREAKING FERRY-STEAMER AT SAULT STE. MARIE.
6. A MODEL OF THE "ERMACK," SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF HER PROPELLERS, ONE FORWARD AND THREE AFT.

(See the Article on Another Page.)

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AND HIS NAVY.

King Edward's practical interest in his sailors found expression during the past week in a visit of four days' duration which his Majesty paid to Portsmouth. The King travelled from London on the afternoon of Feb. 19, and was received at the Dockyard Station by Admiral Sir John Fisher and other officers. His Majesty drove to Admiralty House for luncheon, and thereafter inspected the flotilla of submarines, one of which he entered. A visit to the *Victory* followed, and in the evening there was a dinner-party at Admiralty House, where Sir John and Lady Fisher had the honour of entertaining his Majesty during his stay at our chief naval depot. On the following day the King paid a visit to the new Naval College at Osborne, and on Sunday he attended divine service in the dockyard chapel. But the interest culminated on Feb. 22, when his Majesty proceeded to Whale Island, which is by a naval fiction H.M.S. *Excellent*, and there witnessed a remarkable display of gunnery, under the superintendence of Captain Percy Scott, of Ladysmith fame. Captain Scott's ingenious contrivances for the efficient teaching of gunnery were first explained to his Majesty, and then a mimic reproduction of an incident during the relief of the Peking Legations was given. An attacking party scaled and breached a wall held by a dummy Chinaman, who, by a mechanical device, fired at his opponents. The wall was blown up, the Chinaman annihilated, and an exciting diversion was caused by the entry of an armoured motor-car fitted with a quick-firing gun. After the display his Majesty visited the torpedo school at Horsea Island. The same afternoon he returned to London.

THE TIBET EXPEDITION.

The Tibetans, who at first viewed the British expedition with indifference, are now showing greater activity, and the officials of the expedition are said to be in some doubt as to whether the advance is feasible. It is believed that a body of 3000 Tibetans is concentrated a few miles beyond the frontier, and other reports say that a force of no less than 10,000 has taken the field near Gyantse. From this, it would seem that the British column may have to resort to hostilities. There has been an alarm at Phari Fort, of which we give an

Illustration, but the force of Tibetans, which was believed to be advancing in extended order, was afterwards discovered to be engaged in the peaceful task of collecting fuel.



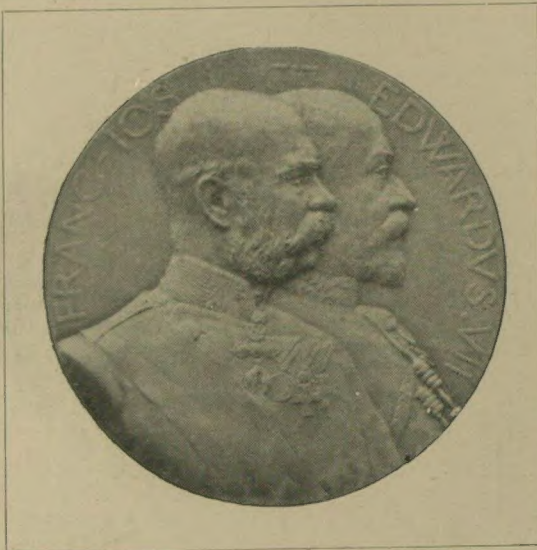
Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE LORD ALINGTON,
SPORTSMAN AND POLITICIAN.

of the notorious Raid would live to be the guiding spirit of a new and hopeful policy in Cape Colony? There are people to whom the Raid was an inexpiable crime, and who cannot bring themselves to speak of Dr. Jameson as anything but a malefactor. They took the same amiable view of Cecil Rhodes, who, had he lived, would in all probability have held the position his lieutenant holds to-day. What capacity Dr. Jameson may possess as a constructive statesman remains to be seen; but that he is the rash adventurer no longer is shown by the confidence he has inspired in the British population of the Cape. It is noteworthy also that a good deal of the old bitterness among his Dutch opponents has passed away. Racial differences are still kept up; but there is a strong body of reasonable men in favour of Dutch and British co-operation for the benefit of the country. If Dr. Jameson shows any of the statesman-like qualities which Cecil Rhodes undoubtedly possessed, in spite of one grave error, he will deserve well of South Africa.

SOME COMMON SENSE. Some of our excitable neighbours across the Channel are so "irritated" by the Japanese successes that they continue to ascribe these to the machinations of Britain. It is necessary that we should be warned in time; so the old bogey of a coalition of Russia, France, and Germany is set up to frighten us. The *Figaro* published a circumstantial story of an autograph letter from the Kaiser to the Czar, which was supposed to relate to this wondrous combination. "War with Great Britain is talked of openly," said the narrator of this legend, meaning that it was talked of in German military circles. This was capped by the assertion that the British Consul at Shanghai had ordered the Russian gun-boat there to quit the harbour, and that the commander of the gun-boat had threatened to fire on the Consulate. The *Figaro* is not the frivolous sheet it used to be; it is a responsible journal; and why it should publish such twaddle nobody knows. The rational heads which manage the foreign policy of France and Germany have no intention of departing from neutrality by a hair's breadth. In this country we do not invent Japanese successes; we simply publish the facts attested by Admiral Alexeieff, and the astounding confession of weakness and unreadiness given to the world by the Russian Government. When it is officially admitted that the Russian army is no more fit to take the field than the Russian navy to take the sea, that is not our fault. Russia has immense resources, and may bring them into action in course of time. Meanwhile, it is a pity that the readers of the *Figaro* do not study the frank statements of the St. Petersburg journals about the military disorganisation of France's ally.

OUR PORTRAITS.

"In our days," remarks a contemporary, "the tendency is for the men of learning to become unreadable, and for the men who are read to be ignorant"—a pessimistic statement not borne out by



A MEMORIAL OF THE KING'S VISIT TO AUSTRIA:
KING EDWARD AND THE EMPEROR-KING FRANZ JOSEF.

This official medal was designed by Herr Tony Szirmai, a Hungarian artist. An example has been accepted by King Edward.

the case of Leslie Stephen, for, though by the nature of his writings he was not popular as the sensational novelist is popular, he was, in spite of learning,

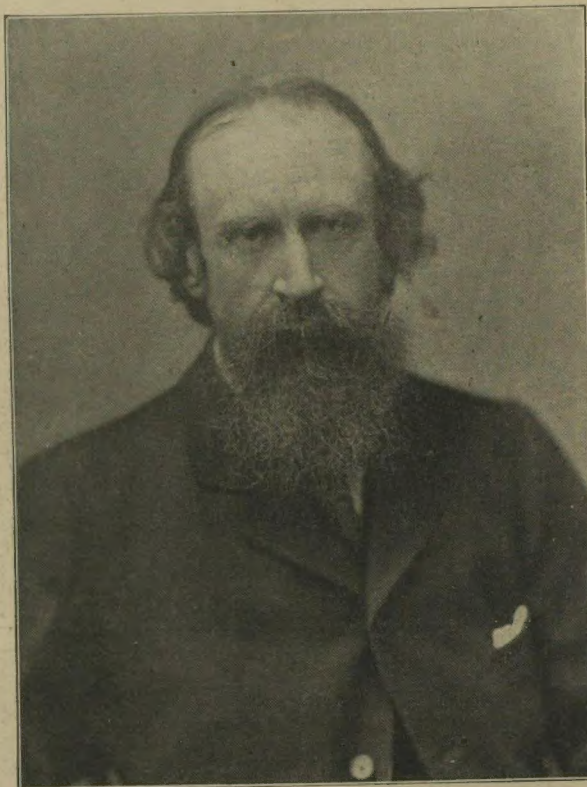


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR LESLIE STEPHEN,
MAN OF LETTERS.

eminently readable. His reputation as critic and biographer, already great, is likely not only to endure, but to increase. The conception and editing of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is sufficient in itself to gain him place among the most prominent men of letters of his day, but he has done much other work that bears witness to his thoroughness



THE VICTOR IN THE COURSING DERBY: HOMFRAY,
WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP FOR 1904.

Mr. G. Darlington's (Mr. E. Herbert's) Homfray is a son of Fabulous Fortune and Killmode.

and capacity. Sir Leslie, who died on Feb. 22 in his seventy-second year, was a son of the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, author of "Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography," and thus brother to the famous judge and essayist, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. On his own showing, he never felt any special call to the profession of letters, having "to scribble for the sufficient but not elevated reason that no other honest profession was open to him." This apparent lack of enthusiasm, however, did not prevent his success. In a comparatively short time he became a valued contributor to a number of periodicals, and in 1871 was appointed editor of the *Cornhill*, edited first by Thackeray, whose daughter he married. His first book, "The Playground of Europe," was followed by "Hours in a Library," which appeared serially in the *Cornhill*, was republished in three parts, and established its author's reputation as critic and stylist; by "Science of Ethics," "Essays on Free-Thinking," "Plain Speaking," "An Agnostic's Apology," and a "Life of Henry Fawcett." Sir Leslie began the arduous task of editing the "Dictionary" with which his name is chiefly associated in 1882, relinquishing the control of the *Cornhill* for the purpose, and continued it for some eight years and a half, when he resigned the direction to Mr. Sidney Lee.

In Henry Gerard Sturt, first Baron Alington, there died on Feb. 17 a peer who was, above all things, a sportsman. Lord Alington, who was born on May 16, 1825, was the son of Mr. H. C. Sturt and Lady Charlotte, daughter of the sixth Earl of Cardigan. His part in politics was that of a staunch but comparatively inactive Conservative, and he was much more prominent as racehorse-owner than as politician, though he sat in the House of Commons for some nine-and-twenty years. Among his turf successes were the Cambridgeshire and the Royal Hunt Cup, the Oaks, the Derby with St. Blaise and with Common, the Two Thousand Guineas, and the St. Leger. His "White Farm" at Criche, recently illustrated in this paper, was almost unique. Lord Alington was twice married: to Lady Augusta Bingham in 1853 and to Evelyn Henrietta Leigh in 1892. He is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Humphrey Napier Sturt, born in 1859.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has been appointed Librarian to the House of Lords, has long enjoyed the reputation of an accomplished man of letters.

His work has a wide range, but he is chiefly distinguished for his studies in Scandinavian literature. Hence it is that he numbers among his honours that of a Knight of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olaf (First Class), which was conferred upon him in 1901. Among his public appointments, he has held that of assistant-librarian to the British Museum, which he demitted in 1875 to become Translator to the Board of Trade, a position he has ever since held. He has been Clark Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which society he is an honorary M.A. He is also an honorary LL.D. of St. Andrews.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. EDMUND GOSSE,
NEW LIBRARIAN TO THE HOUSE
OF LORDS.

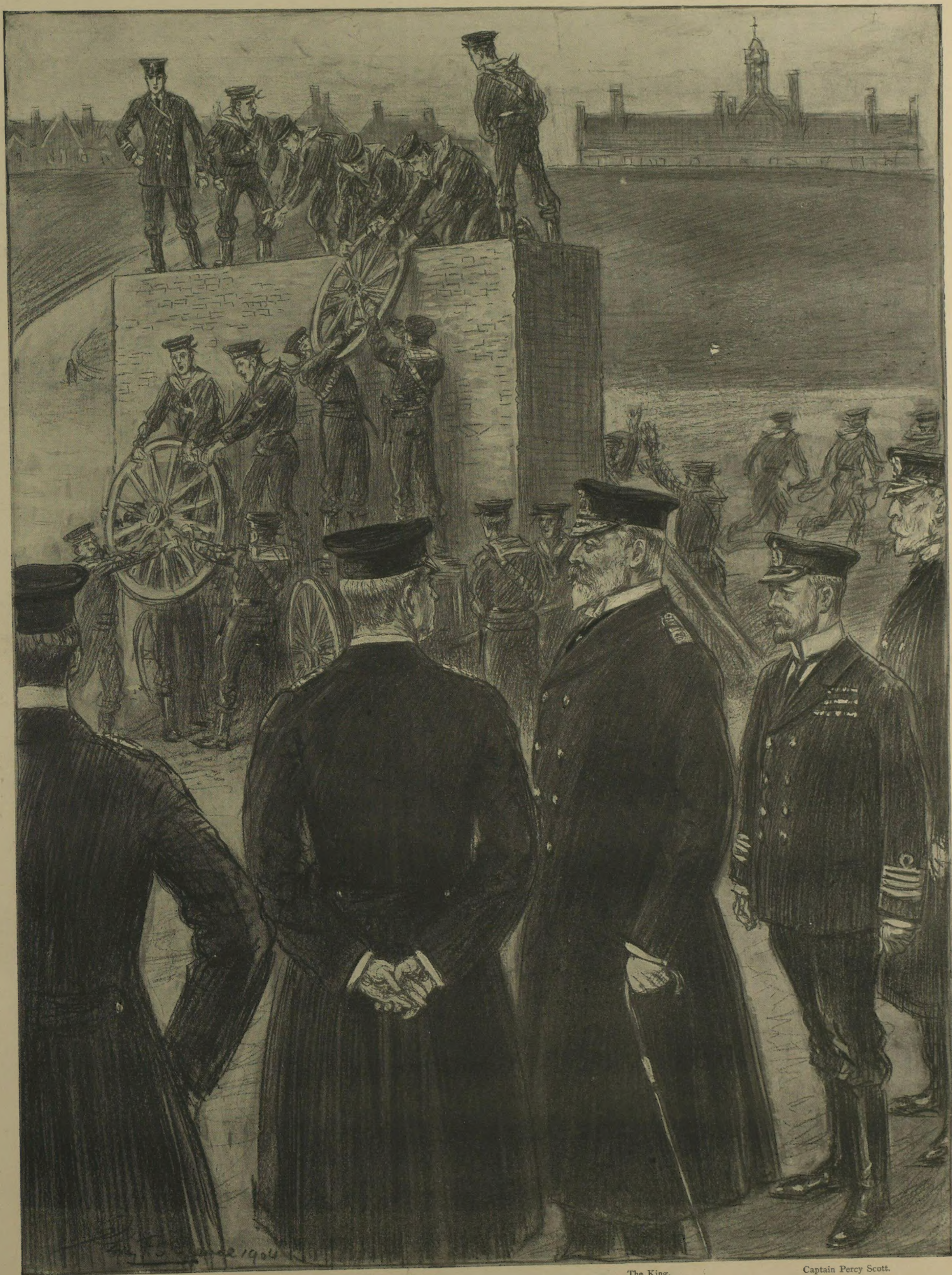
THE NEW "GRAPHIC" BUILDINGS.

The new offices of the *Graphic*, in Tallis Street, which were opened on Feb. 18 by the Prince and Princess of Wales, certainly form one of the most complete and self-contained editorial and printing offices in the kingdom. The building occupies a frontage of two hundred feet, and contains five floors and a capacious basement, where the new printing-machines are situated, each capable of producing 3000 copies per hour. On the ground-floor are the publishing and advertisement offices, and thence a handsome staircase leads to the managerial, artists', and editorial departments. The third story is devoted to folding, cutting, and stitching machines, all of the very latest patterns, and all, like the machines downstairs, driven by electrical power. On the top floor are the capacious composing-rooms and a foundry fitted with the most complete apparatus and contrivances that an illustrated newspaper could desire. The works will accommodate over eight hundred persons, and embody the three-and-thirty years' experience which the proprietors of the *Graphic* have gained during the career of that journal. Everything connected with the new machinery and appliances is entirely of British manufacture.

MUSICAL COPYRIGHT. One member of the Committee of Inquiry into the piracy of musical publication offers a delightful explanation of this offence. He ascribes it to "the excessive prices charged to the public for music, and the existence of an extensive market for copyright music amongst the working-classes." This is as if shop-lifting were attributed to the fact that the thieves cannot afford to buy. If tradesmen would kindly give their goods away, there would be no more theft. No doubt the working-classes have a desire for copyright music; but it is not a desire that should be gratified at the expense of the copyright-owners. As for the excessive price, it is one of the peculiarities of music that the price is nominal. Nobody pays a music-seller for a song the sum marked on the copy. Nobody pays six shillings for a six-shilling novel. But even if the price of music were excessive, why put that forward as a plea for the pirates? An agitation for cheap music is legitimate; stealing copyright is not.

OUR SAILOR KING AND HIS SEAMEN: HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WHALE ISLAND.



Admiral Fisher.

The King.

Captain Percy Scott.

HIS MAJESTY WATCHING THE REALISTIC REPRODUCTION OF AN INCIDENT IN THE RELIEF OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS, GIVEN AT WHALE ISLAND BY MEMBERS OF THE GUNNERY SCHOOL, FEBRUARY 22.

Under Captain Percy Scott's superintendence, an attacking party scaled a wall held by a dummy Chinaman; dismounted and hoisted a field-gun over it, and blew a breach in the wall, through which they dragged a 4.7-in. gun on Captain Scott's Ladysmith carriage. An armoured motor-car, mounted with a quick-firing gun, was also a feature of the display.

THE CZAR'S VICEROY AT HIS FORMER HEADQUARTERS: ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF AT PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

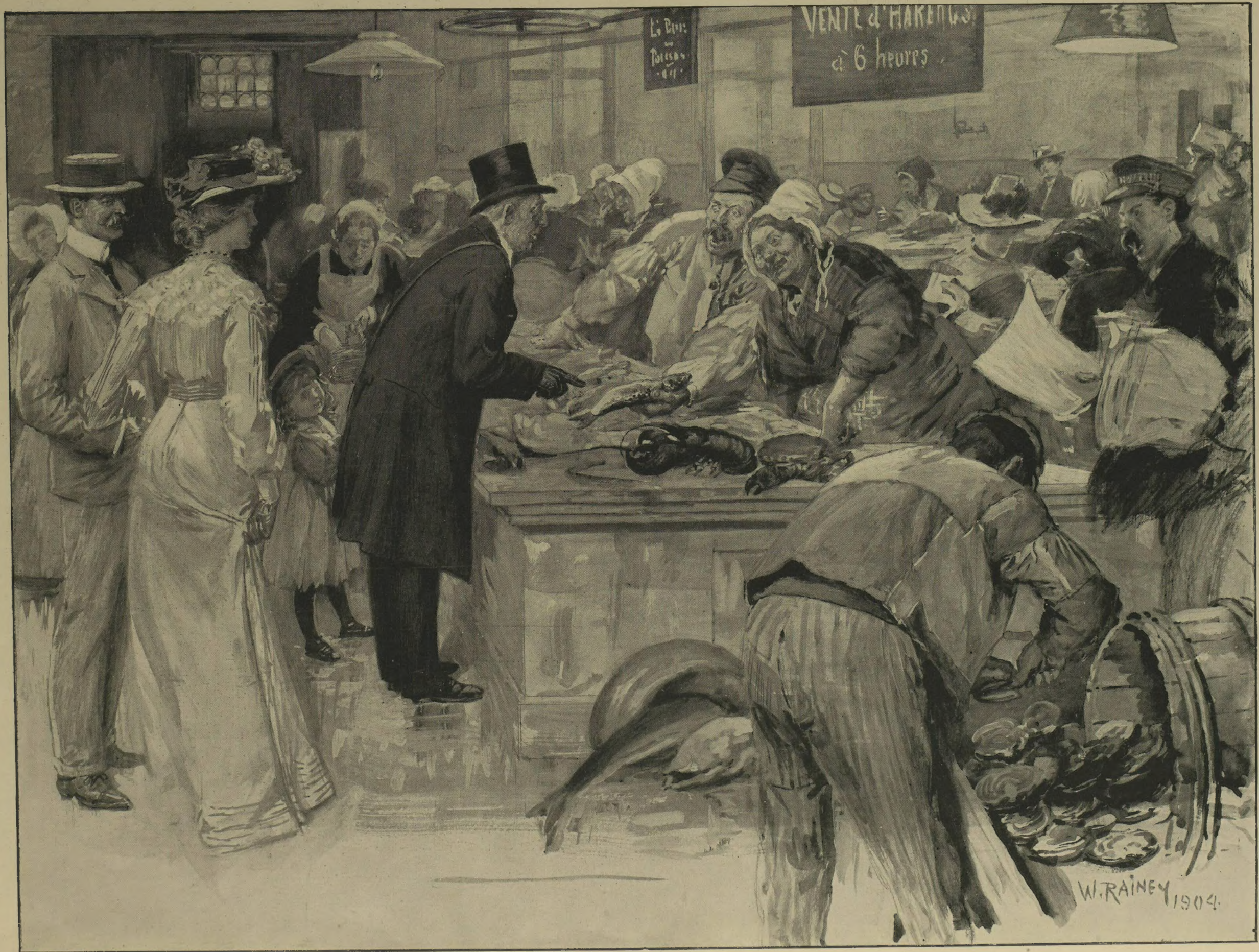


A MILITARY SALUTE TO ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF AT PORT ARTHUR.

The Admiral is driving in the characteristic Russian carriage called a troika. Beside the coachman is the usual Cossack, who accompanies all officials. Latest advices state that the Viceroy has quitted Port Arthur for Mukden.

LENTEN FARE FOR FRANCE'S MOST ENGLISH TOWN: SCENE IN A GREAT FISH-MARKET OF NORTHERN FRANCE.

DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.





"What have
you got there?
A kitten?"

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE PONT ROYAL.

It would appear that John Turner had business south of the Seine, though his clients were few in the Faubourg St. Germain. For this placid British banker was known to be a good hater. His father before him, it was said, had had dealings with the Bourbons, while many a great family of the Emigration would have lost more than the esteem of their fellows, in their panic-stricken flight, had it not been that one cool-headed and calm man of business stayed at his post through the topsy-turvy days of the Terror and did his duty by the clients whom he despised.

On quitting the Louvre by the door facing the Palais Royal, Turner moved to the left. To say that he walked would be to overstate the action of his little stout legs, which took so short a stride that his progress suggested wheels and someone pushing behind. He turned to the left again and ambled under the great arch to take the path passing behind the Tuileries.

His stoutness was, in a sense, a safeguard in streets where the travelling Englishman, easily recognised, has not always found a welcome. His clothes and his walk were studiously French. Indeed, no one passing by with a casual glance would have turned to look a second time at a figure so typical of the Paris streets.

Mr. Turner quitted the enclosure of the Tuileries gardens, and crossed the Quay towards the Pont Royal. But he stopped short under the trees by the river-wall with a low whistle of surprise. Crossing the bridge towards him, and carrying a carpet bag of early Victorian design, was Mr. Septimus Marvin, Rector of Farlingford in Suffolk.

After a moment's thought, John Turner went towards the bridge and stationed himself on the pavement at the corner. The pavement is narrow and Turner was wide. In order to pass him, Septimus Marvin would need to step into the road. This he did without resentment; with, indeed, a courtly and vague inclination of the head towards the human obstruction.

"Look here, Sep," said Turner, "you are not going to pass an old schoolfellow like that?"

Septimus Marvin lurched onwards one or two steps with long loose strides. Then he clutched his carpet bag with both hands, and looked back at his interlocutor with the scared eyes of a detected criminal. This gave place to the habitual gentle smile when, at last, the recognition was complete.

"What have you got there?" asked Turner, pointing with his stick at the carpet-bag. "A kitten?"

"No—no," replied Marvin, looking this way and that to make sure that none could overhear. "A Nanteuil—engraved from his own drawing, Jack. A real Nanteuil. I have just been to a man I know—the print-shop opposite the statue on the Quai Voltaire—

The Last Hope.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

to have my own opinion verified. I was sure of it. He says that I am undoubtedly right. It is a genuine Nanteuil—a proof before letters."

"Ah! And you have just picked it up cheap? Picked it up, eh?"

"No, no, quite the contrary," Marvin replied in a confidential whisper.

"Stolen—dear, dear! I am sorry to hear that, Septimus."

And Septimus Marvin broke into the jerky, spasmodic laugh of one who has not laughed for long—perhaps for years.

"Ah, Jack," he said, "you are still up to a joke."

"Well, I should hope so. We are quite close to my club; come and have luncheon and tell me all about it."

So the Social and Sporting Club, renowned at that day for its matchless cuisine and for nothing else of good repute at all, entertained an angel unawares, and was much amused at Septimus Marvin's appearance, although the amusement was not apparent. The members, it would appear, were gentlemen of that good school of old France which, like many good things both French and English, is fast disappearing. And with all those faults which we are so ready to perceive in any Frenchman, there is none on earth who will conceal from you so effectually the fact that in his heart he is vastly amused.

It was with some difficulty that Septimus was persuaded to consign his carpet bag to the custody of the hall-porter.

"If it wasn't a Nanteuil," he explained in a whisper to his friend, "I should have no hesitation; for I am sure the man is honest, and in every way to be relied upon. But a Nanteuil—*ad vivum*—Jack. There are none like him. It is priceless."

"You used not to be a miser," said Turner, panting on the stairs when at last the bag was concealed in a safe place. "What matter what the value may be so long as you like it?"

"Oh, but the value is of great importance," answered Septimus rather sheepishly.

"Then you have changed a good deal since you and I were at Ipswich School together. There, sit

down at this table. I suppose you are hungry; I hope you are. Try and think, there is a good fellow, and remember that they have the best cook in Paris here. Their morals ain't of the first water, but their cook is without match. Yes, you have changed a good deal if you think of money."

Septimus Marvin had changed colour, at all events, in the last few minutes.

"I have to, Jack—I have to. That is the truth of it. I have come to Paris to sell that Nanteuil."

To realise, I suppose you would call it in the financial world. *Pro aris et focis*, old friend. I want money for the altar and the hearth. It has come to that. I cannot ask them in Farlingford for more money, for I know they have none. And the church is falling about our ears. The house wants painting. It is going the way of the church, indeed."

"Ah!" said Turner, glancing at him over the bill-of-fare. "So you have to sell an engraving? It goes to the heart, I suppose?"

Marvin laughed and rubbed his spare hands together with an assumption of cheerfulness in which someone less stout and well-to-do than his companion might perhaps have perceived that dim, minor note of pathos which always rings somewhere in a forced laugh.

"One has to face it," he replied. "*Ne cede malis*, you know. I suddenly found it was necessary. It was forced upon me, in fact. I found that my niece was secretly helping to make both ends meet—a generous action made doubly generous by the manner in which it was performed."

"Miriam?" put in John Turner, who appeared to be absorbed in the all-important document before him.

"Yes, Miriam—do you know her? Ah! I forgot. You are her guardian and trustee. I sometimes think my memory is failing, you know. I found her out quite by accident. It must have been going on for a long time. Heaven will reward her, Turner. One cannot doubt it."

He absent-mindedly seized two pieces of bread from the basket offered to him by a waiter and began to eat as if famished.

"Steady, man, steady," exclaimed Turner, leaning forward with a horror-stricken face to restrain him. "Don't spoil a grand appetite on bread. Gad! I wish I could fall on my food like that. You seem to be starving."

"I think I forgot to have any breakfast," said Marvin apologetically.

"I daresay you did," was the angry retort. "You always were a bit of an ass, you know, Sep. But I have ordered a tip-top luncheon, and I'll trouble you not to eat like that."

"Well—well, I'm sorry," said the other, who, even in the far-off days at Ipswich School, had always been in the clouds while John Turner moved essentially on the earth.

"And do not sell that Nanteuil to the first bidder," went on John Turner with a glance of which the keenness was entirely disarmed by the good natured roundness of his huge cheeks. "I know a man who will buy it—at a good price, too. Where did you get it?"

"Ah! that is a long story," replied Marvin, looking dreamily out of the window. "I bought it years ago at Farlingford. But it is a long story."

"Then tell it slowly, while I eat this *sole à la Normande*. I see you've nearly finished yours, and I have scarcely begun."

It was a vague and disjointed enough story as related by Septimus Marvin. And it was the story of Loo Barebone's father. As it progressed John Turner grew redder and redder in the face, while he drank glass after glass of Burgundy.

"A queer story," he ejaculated breathlessly. "Go on. And you bought this engraving from the man himself before he died. Did he tell you where he got it? Is it the portrait of a woman, you say?"

"Portrait of a woman—yes, yes. But he did not know who she was; and I do not know whether I gave him enough for it. Do you think I did, Jack?"

"I do not know how much you gave him; but I have no doubt that it was too much. Where did he get it?"

"He thinks it was brought from France by his mother, or the woman who was supposed in Farlingford to be his mother—together with other papers, which he burnt, I believe."

"And then he died . . .?"

"Yes—yes. He died—but he left a son."

"The devil he did! Why did you not mention that before! Where is the son? Tell me all about him while I see how they've served this *langue fourrée*, which should be eaten slowly; though it is too late to remind you of that now. Go on. Tell me about the son."

And before the story of Loo Barebone was half told John Turner laid aside his knife and fork and turned his attention to the dissection of this ill-told tale. As the story neared its end, he glanced round the room to make sure that none was listening to their conversation.

"Dormer Colville," he repeated. "Does he come into it?"

"He came to Farlingford with the Marquis de Gemosac out of pure good-nature, because the Marquis could speak but little English. He is a charming man. So unselfish and disinterested."

"Who? the Marquis?"

"No, Dormer Colville."

"Oh, yes!" said John Turner, returning to the cold tongue. "Yes. A charming fellow."

And he glanced again at his friend with a queer smile. When luncheon was finished, Turner led the way to a small smoking-room where they would be alone, and sent a messenger to fetch Septimus Marvin's bag from downstairs.

"We will have a look at your precious engraving," he said, "while we smoke a cigar. It is, I suppose, a relic of the great Monarchy, and I may tell you that there is rather a small demand just now for relics of that period. It would be wiser not to take it into the open market. I think my client would give you as good a price as any; and I suppose you want to get as much as you can for it now that you have made up your mind to the sacrifice?"

Septimus Marvin suppressed a sigh, and rubbed his hands together with that forced jocularity which had made his companion turn grave once before.

"Oh! I mean to drive a hard bargain, I can tell you," was the reply, with an assumption of worldly wisdom on a countenance little calculated to wear that expression naturally.

"What did your friend in the print-shop on the Quai Voltaire mention as a probable price?" asked Turner carelessly.

"Well, he said he might be able to sell it for me at four thousand francs. I would not hear of his running any risk in the matter, however. Such a good fellow, he is. So honest."

"Yes, he is likely to be that," said Turner with his broad smile. He was a little sleepy after a heavy luncheon, and sipped his coffee with a feeling of charity towards his fellow-men. "You would find lots of honest men in the Quai Voltaire, Sep. I will tell you what I will do. Give me the print, and I will do my best for you. Would ten thousand francs help you out of your difficulties?"

"I do not remember saying that I was in difficulties," objected the Reverend Septimus with heightened colour.

"Don't you? Memory is bad, is it not? Would ten thousand francs paint the rectory, then?"

"It would ease my mind and sweeten my sleep at night to have half that sum, my friend. With two hundred pounds I could face the world *aequo animo*."

"I will see what I can do. This is the print, is it? I don't know much about such things myself; but I should put the price down at ten thousand francs."

"But the man in the Quai Voltaire—"

"Precisely. I know little about prints, but a lot about the Quai Voltaire. Who is the lady?—I presume it is a portrait?"

"It is a portrait, but I cannot identify the original. To an expert of that period it should not be impossible, however." Septimus Marvin was all-awake now, with flushed cheeks and eyes brightened by enthusiasm. "Do you know why? Because her hair is dressed in a peculiar way—*poufs de sentiment* these curls are called. They were only worn for a brief period. In those days the writings of Jean Jacques Rousseau had a certain vogue among the idle classes. The women showed their sentiments in the dressing of their hair. Very curious—very curious. And here in the hair, half concealed, is an imitation dove's nest."

"The deuce there is," ejaculated Turner, pulling at his cigar.

"A fashion which ruled for a still briefer period."



"This is the print, is it?"

"I should hope so. Well, roll the thing up and I will do my best for you. I'm less likely to be taken in than you are perhaps. If I sell it I will send you a cheque this evening. It is a beautiful face."

"Yes," agreed Septimus Marvin with a sharp sigh. "It is a beautiful face."

And he slowly rolled up his most treasured possession, which John Turner tucked under his arm.

On the Pont Royal they parted company.

"By the way," said John Turner, after they had shaken hands, "you never told me what sort of a man this young fellow is—this Loo Barebone."

"The dearest fellow in the world," answered Marvin, with eyes aglow behind his spectacles. "To me he has been as a son—an elder brother, as it were, to little Sep. I was already an elderly man, you know, when Sep was born. Too old, perhaps. Who knows? Heaven's way is not always marked very clearly."

He nodded vaguely and went away a few paces. Then he remembered something and came back.

"I don't know if I ought to speak of such a thing; but I quite hoped at one time that Miriam might one day recognise his goodness of heart—"

"What?" interrupted Turner. "The mate of a coasting schooner!"

"He is more than that, my friend," answered Septimus Marvin, nodding his head slowly, so that the sun flashed on his spectacles in such a manner as to make Turner blink. Then he turned away again and crossed the bridge, leaving the English banker at the corner of it, still blinking.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CITY THAT SOON FORGETS.

There are in humble life some families which settle their domestic differences on the doorstep while the neighbours, gathered hastily by the commotion, tip-toe behind each other to watch the fun. In the European congeries France represents this loud-voiced household, and Paris—Paris, the city that soon forgets—is the doorstep whereon they wrangle.

The bones of contention may be pitched far and wide by the chances and changes of exile, but the contending dogs bark and yap in Paris. At this time there lived, sometimes in Italy, sometimes at Frohsdorf, a jovial young gentleman fond of sport and society, cultivating the tastes and enjoying the easy existence of a country gentleman of princely rank—the Comte de Chambord. Son of that Duchesse de Berri who tried to play a great part and somewhere failed, he was married to an Italian Princess, and had no children. He was therefore the last of the Bourbons, and passed in Europe as such. But he did not care. Perhaps his was the philosophy of the indolent which saith that someone must be last, and why not I?

Nevertheless there ran in his veins some energetic blood. On his father's side he was descended from sixty-six Kings of France. From his mother he inherited a relationship to many makers of history. For the Duchesse de Berri's grandmother was the sister of Marie Antoinette. Her mother was aunt to that Empress of the French, Marie Louise, who was a notable exception to the rule that *bon sang ne peut mentir*.

Her father was a King of Sicily and Naples. She was a Bourbon married to a Bourbon. When she was nineteen she gave birth to a daughter, who died next day. In a year she had a son, who died in twenty hours. Two years later her husband died in her arms, assassinated, in a back-room of the Opera House in Paris.

Seven months after her husband's death she gave birth to the Comte de Chambord, the last of the old Bourbons. She was active, energetic, and of boundless courage. She made a famous journey through La Vendée on horseback to rally the Royalists. She urged her father-in-law, Charles X., to resist the Revolution. She was the best Royalist of them all. And her son was the Comte de Chambord, who could have been a King if he had not been a philosopher or a coward.

He was waiting till France called him with one voice. As if France had ever called for anything with one voice!

Amid the babel there rang out not a few voices for the younger branch of the royal line—the Orleans. Louis Philippe—King for eighteen years—was still alive, living in exile at Claremont. Two years earlier, in the rush of the Revolution of 1848, he had effected his escape to New-haven. The Orleans always

seek a refuge in England, and always turn and abuse that country when they can go elsewhere in safety. And England is not one penny the worse for their abuse.

Louis Philippe had been called to the throne by the people of France. His reign of eighteen years was marked by one great deed. He threw open the Palace of Versailles (which was not his) to the public. And then the people who called him in hooted him out. His life had been attempted many times. All the other Kings hated him and refused to let their daughters marry his sons. He and his sons were waiting at Claremont while the talkers in Paris talked their loudest.

There was a third bone of contention—the Imperial line. At this time the champions of this morsel were at the summit; for a Bonaparte was riding on the top of the revolutionary scrimmage.

By the death of the great Napoleon's only child, the second son of his third brother became the recognised claimant to the Imperial crown.

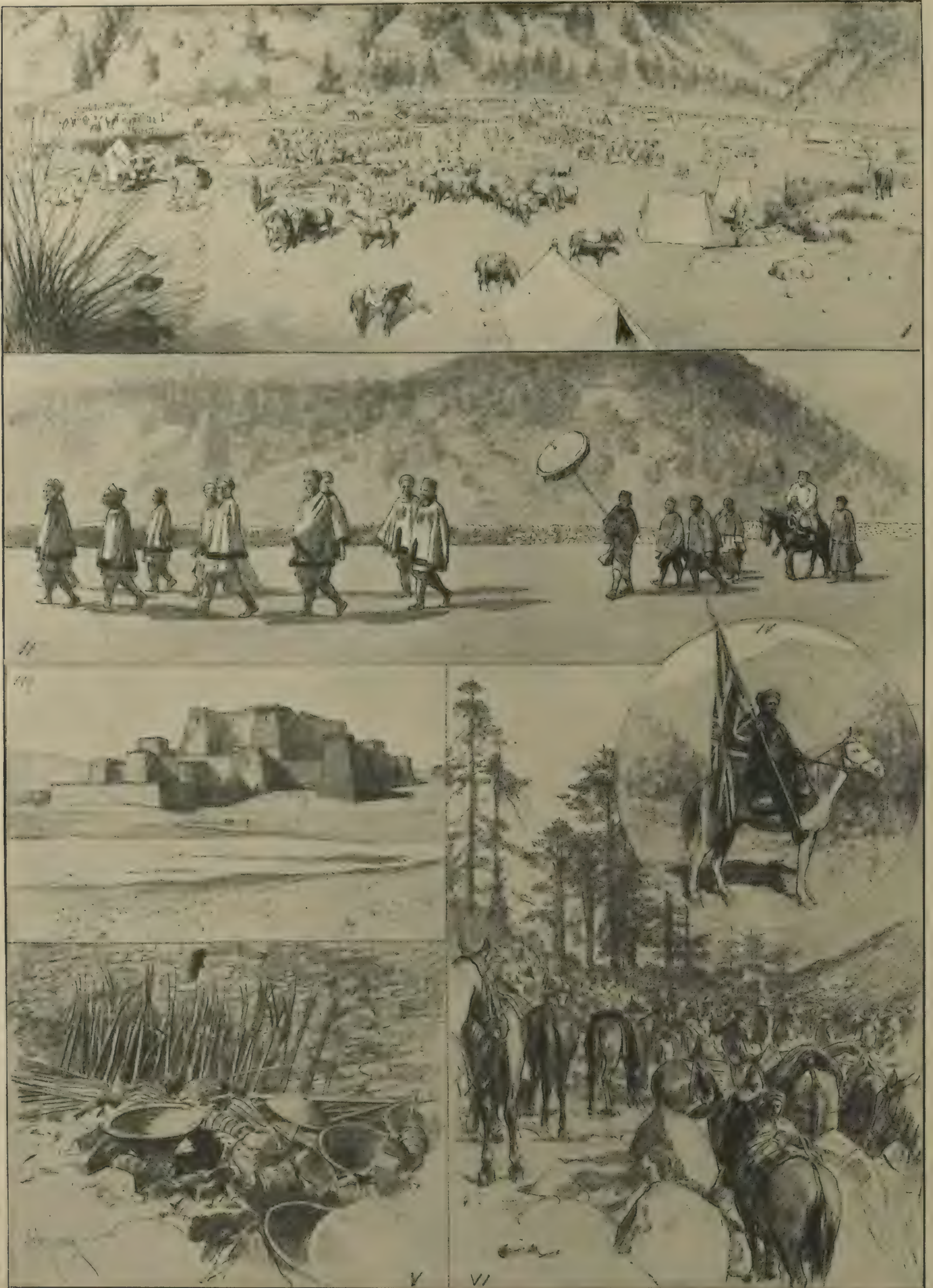
For France has long ceased to look to the eldest son as the rightful heir. There is, in fact, a curse on the first-born of France. Napoleon's son, the King of Rome, died in exile, an Austrian. The Duc de Bordeaux, born eight years after him, never wore the crown, and died in exile, childless. The Comte de Paris, born also at the Tuileries, was exiled when he was ten years old and died in England. All these of one generation. And of the next, the Prince Imperial, hurried out of France in 1870, perished on the veldt. The King of Rome lies in his tomb at Vienna, the Duc de Bordeaux at Göritz, the Comte de Paris at Weybridge, the Prince Imperial at Farnborough. These are the heirs of France, born in the Palace of the Tuileries. How are they cast upon the waters of the world! And where the Palace of the Tuileries once stood the pigeons now call to each other beneath the trees, while near at hand lolls on the public seat he whom France has always with her, the *vaurien*—the worth-nothing.

So passes the glory of the world. It is not a good thing to be born in a palace, nor to live in one.

(To be continued.)

UNWELCOME VISITORS TO THE MYSTERIOUS LAND: THE BRITISH ADVANCE ON TIBET.

DRAWN BY A. FORSIIER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.



1. THE MILITARY CAMP AT NEW CHUMBI.

2. A CHINESE OFFICIAL AND HIS ESCORT COMING FROM A VISIT TO COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND AT CHUMBI CAMP. (THE SOLDIERS WEAR DARK CARDINAL RED WITH A BLACK BAND ROUND THE SKIRT AND WRISTS.)

3. PHARI FORT FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

4. THE FIRST ARRIVAL AT NEW CHUMBI, DECEMBER 15; THE BRITISH STANDARD-BEARER IN FRONT OF THE MISSION.

5. OLD TIBETAN ARMS: A HEAP OF FUSE AND FLINTLOCK GUNS, CHAIN ARMOUR, AND CANE WICKER-WORK SHIELDS AT PHARI FORT.

6. THE FIRST CAMP OF THE EXPEDITION BEYOND THE JALEPLA PASS, DECEMBER 12. (THE CAMP WAS IN A FIR-WOOD BESIDE THE BANKS OF A FROZEN-STREAM.)

A MENACE TO THE RUSSIANS' TRANSPORT LINE: BANDITS DESTROYING THE RAILWAY.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE HUNGHUSES, OR BANDITS, OF MANCHURIA ATTACKING A COSSACK GUARD ON THE RAILWAY.

It is known that for some time past the Japanese have influenced the Hunghuses with a view to employing them in the work of destroying the line; and it is now rumoured that the Russians are offering the robbers a substantial consideration to keep quiet. On another page will be found a detailed account of their methods.

VITAL PARTS OF THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAY: NEWCHWANG, AND HARBIN, THE RUSSIAN
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S PROBABLE HEADQUARTERS



THE PRESENT STATE OF NEWCHWANG: THE TOWN IN WINTER,
WITH CUSTOMS BUILDING AND THE FROZEN RIVER.

CUSTODIANS OF THE LINE:
COSSACK GUARDS ON THE RAILWAY.

THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN CHINESE NEWCHWANG AND THE
RUSSIAN SETTLEMENT: THE RIVER LIAHO.



ON THE RAILWAY LINE AT THE RUSSIAN SETTLEMENT: STEAMER UNLOADING.



THE NATIVE TOWN BELOW NEWCHWANG.



TERMINUS OF A BRANCH OF THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAY:
THE RUSSIAN STATION AT NEWCHWANG.

CHINESE POLICE ON THE SOUTH DIVISION
OF THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAY.

THE BOXERS' LEGACY: RAILWAY TRUCKS, THE WOODWORK
OF WHICH WAS BURNED OFF BY THE RIOTERS.



THE RUSSIAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S PROBABLE HEADQUARTERS, HARBIN:
THE TRANSPORT STATION.



THE JUNCTION WITH THE TRANS-SIBERIAN LINE, HARBIN:
THE NEW STATION.

Photo. M. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.

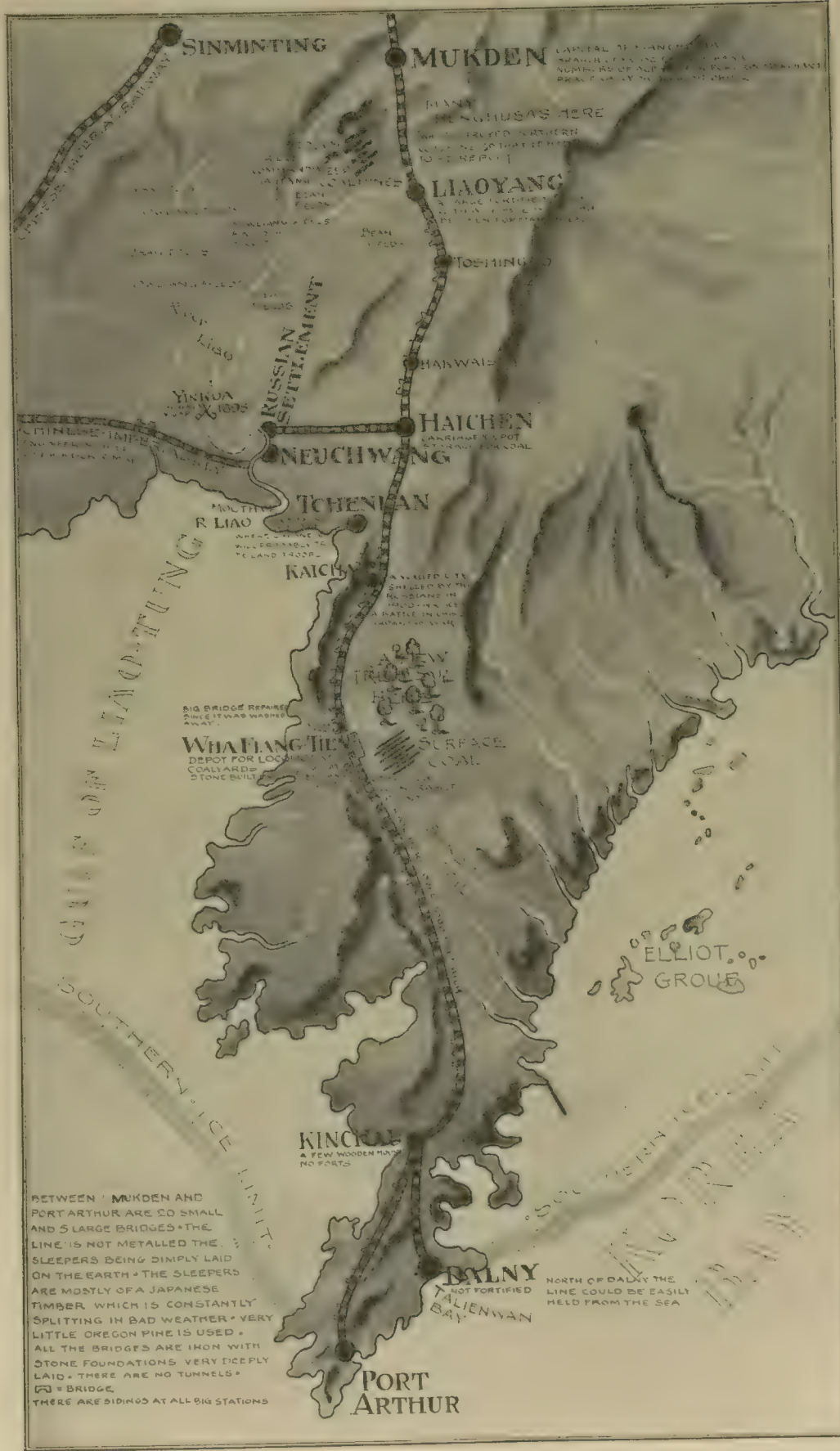
Photo. M. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.

LOOPHOLES IN THE RUSSIAN DEFENCES: WEAK POINTS IN THE RAILWAY SUPPLYING PORT ARTHUR.

MAPS BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN SIR HAWTREY COX, SURVEYOR ON THE SOUTHERN DIVISION OF THE CHINESE-EASTERN RAILWAY.



GENERAL MAP SHOWING POSSIBLE JAPANESE FLANK ADVANCE BY SHAN-HAI-KWAN AND CHINESE IMPERIAL RAILWAY TO SIN-MIN-TING, TO COMMAND MUKDEN AND LIAOYANG FROM MOUNT MOOCHISAN.



DETAILED MAP OF THE VULNERABLE POINTS IN THE SECTION OF THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAY BETWEEN PORT ARTHUR AND MUKDEN.—[SUPPLEMENT TO COMPANION MAP.]

NOVELS AND A NOVELIST'S POEM

The American Prisoner. By Eden Phillpotts. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
My Friend Prospero. By Henry Harland. (London: John Lane. 6s.)
Stella Fregelius. By H. Rider Haggard. (London: Longmans. 6s.)
Love the Fiddler. By Lloyd Osbourne. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
A Forest Hearth. By Charles Major. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)
The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in Three Parts, Nineteen Acts, and One Hundred and Thirty Scenes. By Thomas Hardy. Part First. (London: Macmillan.)

Could Mr. Eden Phillpotts' latest novel resolve itself, as the ideas of the old authors in "The Art of Book-Making" resolved themselves, into mere clothes, it is to be feared that its creator would find himself, in the manner of "the ragged, threadbare throng" imagined by Washington Irving, clad in a romancist's cloak of patchwork—here a piece of beautiful embroidery, there a scrap of fustian, here the flaunting gleam of silk, there the respectable dullness of broadcloth, the whole knit together with much skill, but patchwork undisguised. It would be a creditable garment, of course, made from clothing of the wearer's own, not from that of other people's, as in the case of the book-makers: Mr. Phillpotts has too many ideas of his own to need or wish to borrow. But the fact remains that the garment would not be of a single material, for the book it would represent is not of one material. Nor is the material of equal quality. The descriptions of rural life and rural character, not less than the word-pictures of Devon in all her moods, soft and stern, are unmistakably true. So is the characterisation of the chief figures who play their life drama in this study of emotion. The masterful Maurice Malherb, arrogant, proud of family, dark-tempered; Peter Norcot, reptile-natured, irritatingly and inordinately prone to quote the type of verse dear to the Album of early Victorian days; John Lee, loving to the extent of banishing love and of dying for love's sake; Lovey Lee, miserly, vindictive, treacherous; Cecil Stark, the American prisoner, a leader of men and a born conqueror of women; and Grace Malherb, wavering between love and friendship, for long scarce knowing the one from the other—all are far removed from the pitiful puppets who, at a writer's bidding, so frequently play at being men and women. Yet, the narrative of Grace Malherb's triangular love affair and of the doings of the prisoners of war confined on Dartmoor drags in the telling; the *raison d'être* of the American prisoner's appearance in the story is far too long delayed; the hunting of the Malherb amphora, much in evidence, is of little value, save as an excuse for picturesque writing and to reinstate Maurice Malherb's affairs at the close of the book; sympathy is alienated from Stark by the sympathy freely given to John Lee; the talk between Malherb and Stark is too reminiscent of "Real Conversations," too precise, too well turned. "The American Prisoner" is every whit as ingenious as frankly full-blooded romance, but from the very sternness of its locale, the very nature of its characters, is—in suggestion at least—less romantic. It is standing proof of a seeming paradox: the part is greater than the whole.

A little Italian girl, niece of a priest, and rising twelve, is the playmate of a young Englishman, whom she christens Prospero, because she has read his fortune in his hand, and found it brilliant. Brilliant fortune is always the lot of Mr. Harland's heroes. This one is heir to a peerage, and meets a kinswoman who settles a handsome income on him that he may marry an Austrian princess. That is the whole story, utterly remote from everything that matters in the world. But this is Mr. Harland's deliberate choice. He is a very fine artist in the embroidery of fancy, and he works apart, of set purpose, from all the horrid jars of actual life. His characters are not characters at all, but gossamer beings who flit through perfumed gardens, and have no inkling of sorrow. Prospero meets an American friend, who announces that he has been received into the Roman Catholic Church, and means to become a priest, leaving the girl he loves to enter a convent. For a moment the young nobleman, himself a Catholic, is distressed by this ruthless and needless sacrifice. But he soon forgets all about it, and the reader will wonder why it was ever mentioned. American Puritans, descended from Alfred the Great, are not in the habit of doing this strange thing. Nor, in this case, has it the smallest personal interest. Annunziata, the little Italian girl, a most quaint and lovable creature, has an illness; but, of course, she gets well. Mr. Harland, like *My Uncle Toby*, could not harm a fly. Annunziata goes to live with the peer and his princess, and they are all happy ever afterwards. The book is delightfully written, and very charming; but when it is done we want something to make our flesh creep.

Mr. Rider Haggard prefaces his new novel with a note of apology. It is, he says, a modest story which is in no sense a romance of the kind that his readers expect from him. The explanation applies rather to the subject of the book than to the manner in which it is written. "Stella Fregelius" seeks to describe the conflict between a departed and a present personality; the battle in the bereaved human heart of an electrical inventor, Morris Monk, between earthly duty, to his wife and family and work, and a spiritual desire for communication with the soul of a dead woman whom he loved. It must not be supposed, however, that the whole novel is occupied with this theme—Only one-fourth of the book is; the early three-fourths describe in a highly sensational manner the circumstances which engage Morris in the attempt to raise the spirit of Stella Fregelius—an attempt in which he is ultimately successful. The larger, though in a sense introductory, portion of the novel, down to the death of Stella, is exciting and in many ways entertaining reading. The mystical remainder is not so satisfactory. Though evidently designed as the crux of the story, it is treated like an anti-climax.

The essential elements in it seem to us to be deliberately evaded. Mr. Haggard draws the lesson from Morris Monk's excursions into spiritual and unearthly regions that they are evil, being indeed denounced in the Scriptures—a sturdy moral, but not one to guide us very far in mystical research. The best-drawn character is the hero's father, an astute and worldly gentleman, from whom assuredly Morris did not inherit his transcendental aspirations.

We have only one fault to find with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's latest volume. It is a collection of short pieces—trifles, but very engaging trifles—to which he has applied the happy general title "Love the Fiddler." And, apparently with the customary inability of authors to be good judges of their own work, he has given the first place to the worst, or we should rather say the least good, of the numbers which compose it. "The Chief Engineer" is the story of an undecided and selfish and American young woman, who suddenly comes into a fortune and engages the luckless suitor of her less affluent days as chief engineer on board her yacht. She marries him ultimately, of course, but that happy and foreseen ending cannot redeem a rather prolix and pointless story. Let not the reader, however, be dissuaded by its comparative dullness from proving the volume further, and enjoying such excellent sketches as "Frenches French" (which naturally ought to have had the place of honour), "Love While You Wait," "Social Divers," "Her Undoubted Right," "The Stones of Art," and "Old Hands and Young Hearts." The last two in particular are finished examples of a kind of story of which the author has the gift, the knack. Trifles we have called them, and so these are, in their slightness and lightness; but a less artificial and more tragic note is struck in "The Eternal Fire," "An Idyll of Broadway," and especially in "The Price of Honour," where the writer's tact is conspicuous. We question if Mr. Lloyd Osbourne has ever done better work than that contained in this volume.

Mr. Charles Major's new novel is an American importation. It is a love story of the primitive type, wherein the simple young hero and the villain contend for the hand of a virtuous maiden, to whose happiness a scapegrace brother and the sternness of an unnatural parent present obstacles that it takes three hundred and fifty pages to surmount. The author's style is an odd mixture of naïveté and pompousness; a conjunction which seems to have been brought about by a dogged determination to make good a deficiency in technical skill. Mr. Major is a story-teller, but he is not a literary man; he has the necessary feeling, but subtlety of expression escapes him. This, an example of his laboured mood; is how he describes Rita Bay's reception of an unwelcome suitor: "Upon the Monday evening referred to, the girl commanding the beleaguered forces received the enemy . . . into her outworks, the parlour. Little dreaming that a perfidious Greek was entering into her Trojan gates, she laughed and talked charmingly, hoping, if possible, to smooth the way for her father and Tom by the help of her all-powerful smiles"—and a good deal more in the same vein. "A Forest Hearth," however, has the merit of absolute sincerity, and it is this fidelity to circumstance which carries its author, unflinching, through not a few difficult and delicate situations, and which makes his account of the kissing game at the church social a remarkably human document. The spirit of the man who wants to write down that which he knows, and proceeds to do it, is strong in these passages; and, after all, it sometimes evolves a result that is not far behind the fine handiwork of the craftsman.

Mr. Hardy is contributing to our literature a work which almost baffles criticism, and even description. In some of his later novels may be found hints of a philosophy which treats mankind as the puppets of a "Fundamental Energy," defying analysis. This idea inspires the phantasmagoria which now comes before us nominally as a drama. It is best described by Mr. Hardy's own suggestion of the way in which it might be represented on the stage, "taking the shape of a monotonous delivery of speeches, with dreamy conventional gestures, something in the manner traditionally maintained by the old Christmas mummers, the curiously hypnotising impressiveness of whose automatic style—that of persons who spoke by no will of their own—will be remembered by all who ever experienced it." Here we have the key to the whole conception. Many historical characters figure in the drama, and they all give this impression of being automata, speaking by no will of their own. There are supernatural phantasms—the Shade of the Earth, the Spirit of the Years, Sinister and Ironic Spirits, the Chorus of the Pities, Rumours, Messengers, and Recording Angels. One Rumour, taking the shape of a well-known personage, appears at a gathering of distinguished people, and sets a story going. The Spirit Sinister offers a running commentary of a slightly Mephistophelian quality. Half-a-dozen phantoms sit in the Gallery of the House of Commons, where Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and others are engaged in a very concisely worded debate. It gives one the idea that the Recording Angels have taken a shorthand note, and condensed the report for distribution by the news agencies. This process lends itself admirably to Mr. Hardy's scheme, for Pitt and the others seem to be the sport of some unintelligible destiny—or what one of the Spirits calls "eternal artistries in Circumstance." Napoleon has no more individual force than Mack, who surrenders to him at Ulm. Both are obeying an unseen stage-manager who pulls the wires, and makes one puppet a conqueror and another a prisoner. To this bizarre unreality there is a striking contrast in the dialogue of Wessex peasants, who speak, as Mr. Hardy's peasants always did, in the accents of nature. Their talk about Napoleon—reputed to eat "rashers o' baby every morning for breakfast"—puts all the phantoms, mortal and immortal, to flight.

THE JAPANESE REVOLUTION.

Wonderful as is the position of Japan to-day, it cannot but provoke the question: Has her mushroom power any firm roots, or is it destined, like Jonah's gourd, to wither as rapidly as it has arisen? A civilisation so purely imitative of Western ideals cannot be altogether dissociated in thought from the perfection attained by the Chinese tailor who copied a pair of breeches faultlessly, even to the patch on the seat; and it is the very accuracy of the copy, the scanty signs of native originality in her new developments (the Midji and Murata rifles notwithstanding), that make us mistrust the future of the Empire of the East. Had her growth been slower, had she been less ready to swallow wholesale the institutions and methods of the West, it would have been possible to view with more equanimity the life-and-death struggle in which she is now engaged with a relentless Power, slow-moving, unscrupulous, bearing down in time all obstacles through sheer persistency of brute force. It is not difficult to imagine Japan, should she—which Heaven forefend—emerge from the contest disillusioned, impoverished, and drained of her best blood, turning angrily upon the guides that set her feet in the path of so-called progress, and sinking back into that feudalism which Mr. Petrie Watson tells us in his remarkable book, "Japan, Aspects and Destinies" (Richards), is still visible to the observant eye of the permanent resident. The paradoxes of the country defy reconciliation. "Meeting Marquis Ito," says Mr. Watson, "you say the story of a feudal State thirty years back must be an historic illusion. You see a peasant's obeisance to the sun, and think the Japanese must have sprung from Nature last year." This writer's description of the great naval review before the Mikado at Kobe might have been written of our own Coronation spectacle at Spithead, so perfectly has Japan caught the ceremonial mannerisms of our seamen. His tale of the festival of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, at Saidaiji is veriest mumbo-jumbo, paralleled only, perhaps, by the struggle for the sacred fire at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre during the Greek Easter. Yet whether the dignified tomfoolery and powder-burning of the review or the fierce fight of three hundred thousand devotees for the holy tooth-picks of the goddess be the better for Japan it were hard to decide. Of the latter, Mr. Watson merely says, "It has nothing to do with the Revolution; the Revolution will overtake it, that is all."

In the capital, the Metropolis of a Revolution, contradiction is written large in architectural symbols. "The city is a lightning-change artist. It is a harlequin and a clown, a sober City man and a hall-porter; a guy with an undertaker's pants and scarlet doublet of a Cavalier; it wears the features of a statesman and the hat of an Irish pedlar. And this, of course, is necessary. To transform a country in a generation is to make it ridiculous." Japan has bolted our institutions wholesale. In Tokyo, go where you will, there is no escape from at least one of them—the Public Automatic Telephone. Another you might easily pass unnoticed—a General Election. There is no stir at the polling booths. "You might take the General Election for a funeral; a few groups of decorous well-dressed men waiting for the coffin to appear." The canvass has been known to produce notices on private houses: "No admittance to Parliamentary candidates." Parliament itself has not thriven. Its prestige is dubious; its manners peculiar. Honourable members do not catch the Speaker's eye, but his ear, for they clatter the metal number-plate of their desk to arrest the Presidential attention. Yet these incongruities are but stages on the road. "To-day's foolishness in Japan may be to-morrow's truth, reality, pith of life." But there is one barrier which the Revolution has not passed—the bamboo fence of the Japanese home. The Japanese may think it advisable to go to his office in the frock coat of Europe, but when he returns from business he is at once enfolded by tradition. His house is a triumph of artistic harmony in which the most perfect accessory (and nothing more) is the wife. Her emancipation Mr. Watson would be willing to see, even although in the process, the dove-grey folds of her robe were to be dyed red.

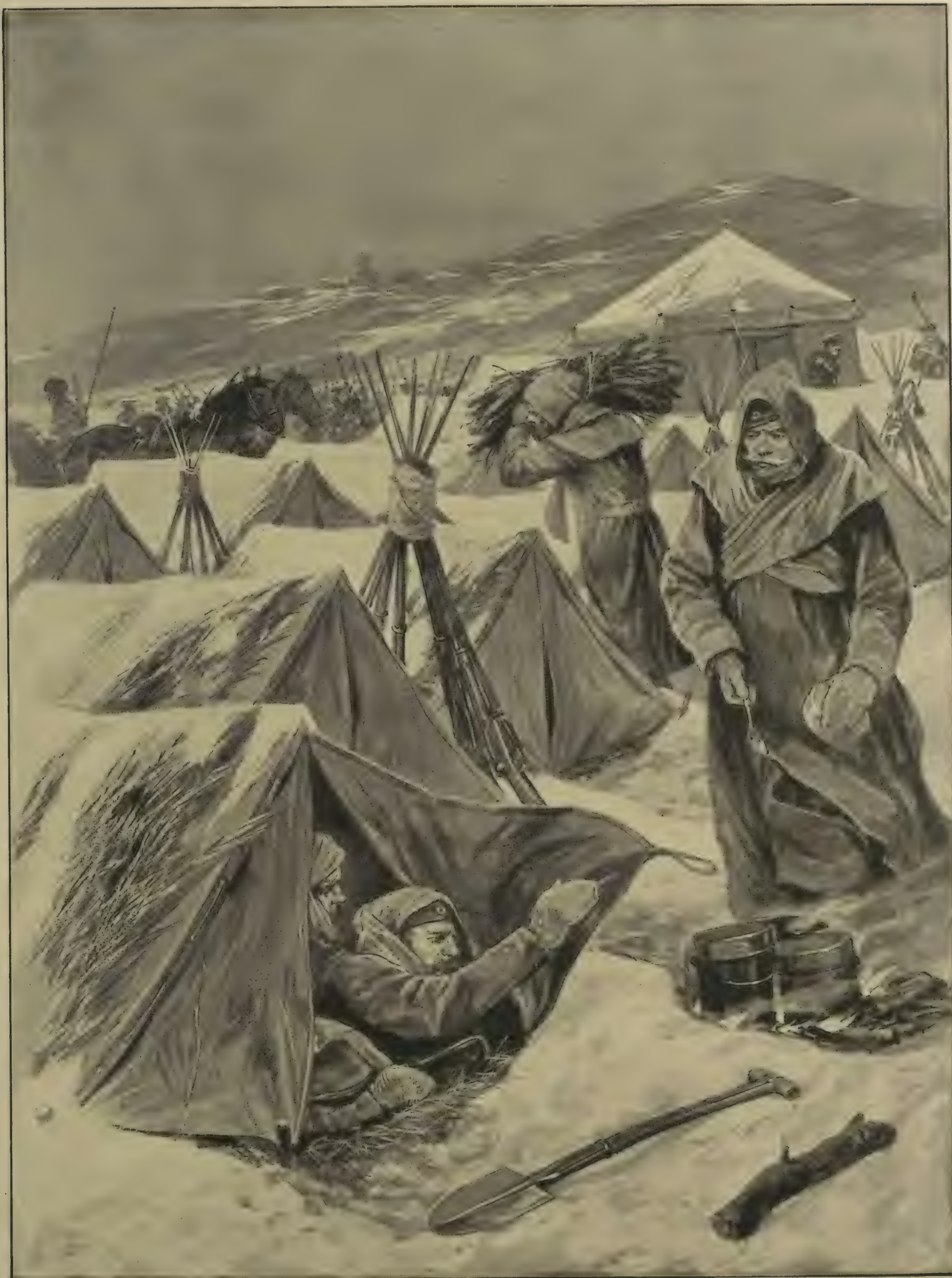
Among the most remarkable passages of a book that has not a single dull page is the author's account of a conversation with Marquis Ito, "the Revolution Incarnate." The pen-sketch of the maker of modern Japan is an admirable supplement to the portraits with which we are familiar; for these, being for the most part sun-pictures, do not suggest the colour, or the lack of it (physical colour that is), in the man—

The face is incommunicably Oriental. It is, that is to say, a mask—to us, to me, who possess no science of the Oriental face. The skin is old, very old, parchment, ruddied with the blood-flowing behind it. . . . The eyes are the only cypher I can hope to use upon this cryptogram. The iris is, of course, black-brown; there is no other Japanese iris. The white is . . . the yellow of yellow marble. The eye scarcely meets my questions . . . it sends me a single shaft of direct vision, and then squints upon the pallid sky without. . . . Yet the eyes are profound. There are immeasurable depths in their intermittent shafts of direct vision. . . . The manner of Mirabeau suggests this interpretation of his eye; it is shifting, restive, yet hesitating, non-committal, reserved.

Mr. Watson's debt to Carlyle is manifest, but he could scarcely have been happier in his choice of a model. He is suggestive rather than categorical, chary of professing understanding where understanding is to the European impossible, elusive, symbolical, picturesque—the very method for the portrayal of this enigmatic and amiable people whose fortunes Great Britain is watching with mingled anxiety and admiration, with hope indeed for their success. But it is at the same time well to remember Pobyedonostseff's weighty saying: "Russia is no State; Russia is a world." It is against a cosmic force, therefore, that Japan has sought the wager of battle. And even demi-gods, in like case, have been overwhelmed.

SHELTER ON SIBERIAN STEPPES: A ROUGH RUSSIAN BIVOUAC.

DRAWN BY R. CAION WOODVILLE.



UNDER SNOW, EARTH, AND CANVAS: RUSSIAN SOLDIERS' TENT AND "DUG-OUT" PROTECTION FROM THE WEATHER.

Every three Russian soldiers carry a small tent in sections, for their own accommodation in the field. It stands about 3 feet 6 inches from the ground and is supported by three poles, each in two joints like a fishing-rod. Frequently the men pitch the tent over a hole dug in the ground and filled with straw. For extra warmth they throw the excavated earth on the top of the canvas and put a layer of snow over all.

THE GREAT OBSTACLE TO RUSSIAN REINFORCEMENTS: FROZEN LAKE BAIKAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HERMAN BICKNELL.



HALF-WAY HOUSE ON THE ICE: THE TRAVELLERS' HALTING-PLACE DURING THE SLEDGE-JOURNEY ACROSS FROZEN LAKE BAIKAL.
The house, where lunch is served to passengers, is built of wood, and is lined with felt for great protection from the cold.



FROM RAILWAY CARRIAGE TO SLEIGH: TRAVELLERS ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY BEGINNING THEIR SLEDGE-JOURNEY ACROSS THE FROZEN LAKE.
The large objects resembling two thick walls on the edge of the lake are the sides of the floating dock. The lake is ice-bound from January till early in May.

THE RAIL ON THE ICE: RUSSIAN TRANSPORT ACROSS A FROZEN RIVER.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



R. Caton Woodville
1904.

A RUSSIAN MILITARY FIELD-RAILWAY CROSSING AN ICE-BOUND RIVER.

The narrow-gauge military railway can be easily laid down and taken up, and is specially adaptable to ice, in which case the sleepers are made of unusual length in order to distribute the weight. Every winter such a temporary line is laid across the frozen Neva at St. Petersburg.

THE PORTER IN PEACE-TIME.

THE BARGEMAN IN PEACE-TIME.



THE JINRICKSHA-MAN IN PEACE-TIME.

MEN IN PLACE OF PACK-PONIES AND DRAFT ANIMALS: THE JAPANESE JINRICKSHA-MAN AS A TRAINED TRANSPORT-CARRIER IN WAR-TIME.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.

When the snow melts in Manchuria, such roads as exist will be mere swamps, and horse and horse-wheel transport will be useless. To meet this long-foreseen emergency the Japanese have put into the field their trained corps of bearers drawn from the jinricksha-men, the bargemen, and porters. On fairly firm ground they pull light hand-carts (which have been shipped from Japan ready-packed), but when the road becomes impassable they take these vehicles to pieces and carry the parts, as well as the baggage, on their shoulders. Their endurance is extraordinary. In ordinary circumstances, two jinricksha-men, working by turns, have been known to pull a passenger fifteen miles a day without fatigue. This carrier corps gives the Japanese a huge advantage over the Russians. On the flanks are the transport guards.—(SEE THE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

THE VICINITY OF KIOTO, THE MIKADO'S TEMPORARY WAR-CAPITAL, AND OTHER SCENES IN PICTURESQUE JAPAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. C. L. INGRAM.



CHARACTERISTIC JAPANESE GARDEN DECORATIONS:
SACRED STONE LANTERNS AT TOKYO.



ON THE RIVER HOZU, NEAR KIOTO, WHERE THE MIKADO
IS WATCHING EMBARKATIONS OF TROOPS.



WOMEN
GARDENERS
AT
KIKUKUJI,
NEAR
KIOTO.



TYPES OF AUXILIARY TRANSPORT BOATS: SAMPANS OF THE KIND NOW BEING SHIPPED
TO KOREA FOR RIVER SERVICE. (THE CREWS ARE SKILLED IN SHOOTING RAPIDS.)



STRAW-SHOD DRAUGHT-CATTLE AT NIKKO. (NOTE SCREENS TO PROTECT THE ANIMALS
FROM THE SUN.)

A HORNET OF THE SEA: SECTION OF A JAPANESE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER IN ACTION.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON FROM DESIGNS LENT BY THE COURTESY OF MESSRS. YARROW AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

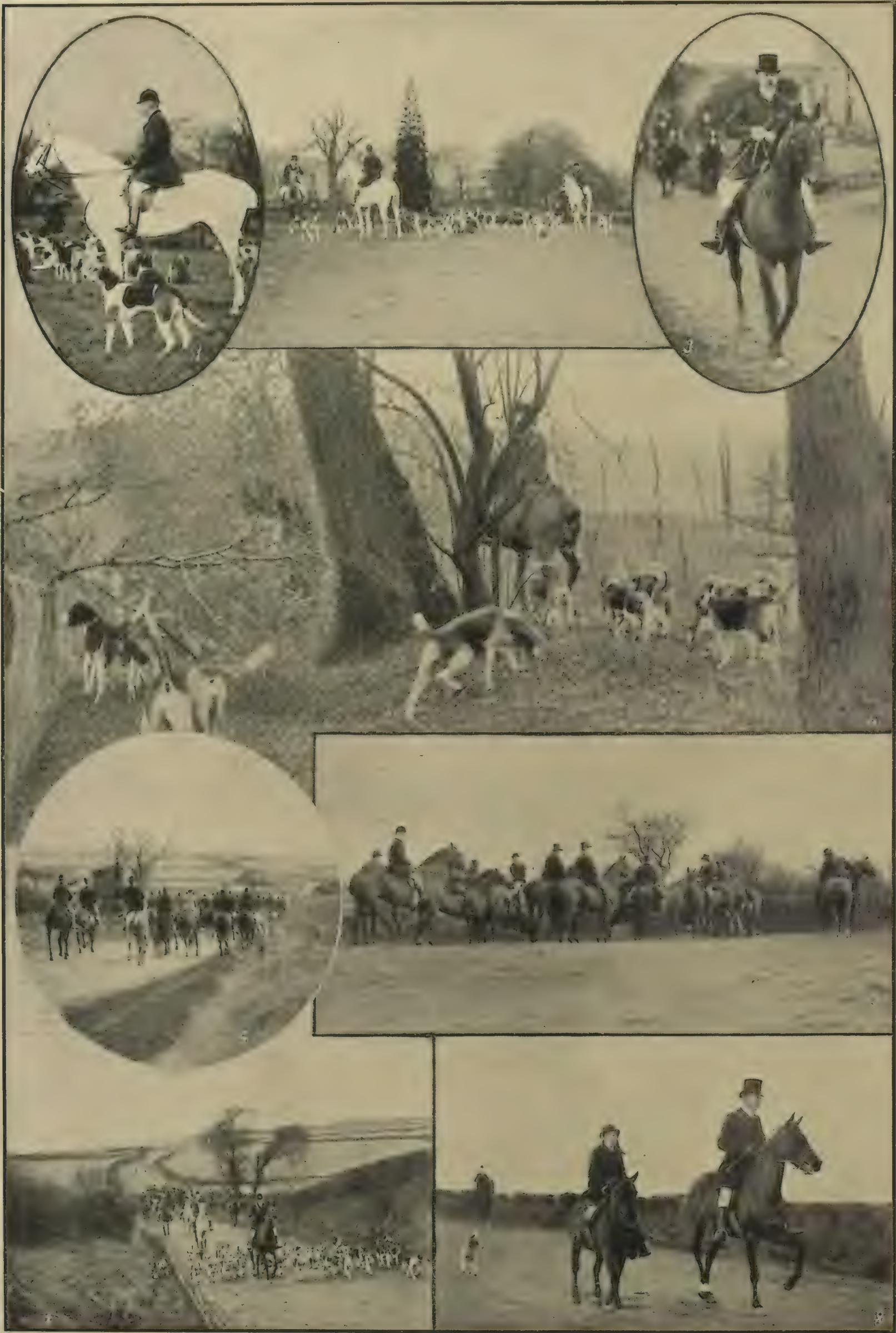


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FEB. 27, 1904, 307

THE INTERIOR OF A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER, WITH THE CREW AT WORK, DURING A NIGHT ATTACK ON WAR-SHIPS.

The torpedo-boat destroyer is simply a torpedo-boat of very high speed, capable of rapid sailing in a moderately heavy sea-way. They came into existence in 1803, after the failure of the torpedo-catchers to attain sufficient speed. The following figures may be taken as fairly representing the latest pattern of torpedo-boat destroyers supplied by British firms to the Japanese Government. The boats have usually a displacement of about 350 tons, their length is 215 feet and their beam 21 feet. The draught is 5 feet 6 inches, and the thickness of plates varies from five-sixteenths of an inch to three-sixteenths, from which it will be seen that the hulls are mere shells. They carry no armour-plating. The speed averages about 31 knots per hour. There are two sets of vertical four-cylinder tri-compound condensing engines of 7000 I.H.P. under forced draught. They are capable of being worked up to 400 revolutions a minute. The boilers are of the water-tube type. There is capacity for ninety tons of coal. The boats carry two deck broadside torpedo-tubes, one 12-pounder quick-firing gun, and five 6-pounder quick-firing guns. The crew number sixty, including officers and men.

FAMOUS BRITISH HUNTS.—No. IX.: A DAY WITH THE MARQUIS OF ZETLAND'S
FOXHOUNDS.



1. THE MASTER; THE MARQUIS OF ZETLAND. 3. THE EARL OF LONDONDERRY. 6. AT THE COVERT SIDE.
2. WAITING IN THE PARK. 4. DRAWING. 7. HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS.
5. A CHECK. 8. TWO GENERATIONS.

Photographs by Bowden.



THE FIRE IN PROGRESS: PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE LIGHT OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

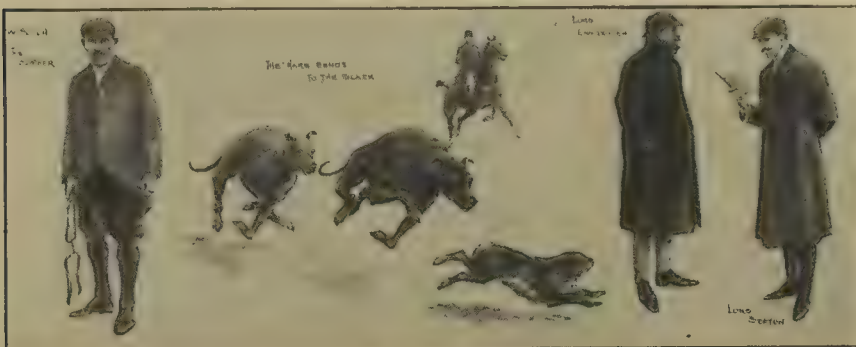


THE SCENE OF DEVASTATION: THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF THE TOWN IN RUINS.



THE FIRE, AS VIEWED FROM THE HARBOUR ON THE MORNING AFTER THE OUTBREAK.

TWENTY-FIVE MILLION POUNDS DAMAGE: SCENES OF THE DISASTROUS FIRE IN BALTIMORE.



THE COURSING DERBY: THE CONTEST FOR THE WATERLOO CUP.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ALTAR.

The deciding course, which was run on February 19, was won by Mr. G. Darlinson's (Mr. E. Herbert's) Homfray, which beat Minchmuir.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

"SLEEPING SICKNESS."

In no department of scientific research has investigation of late days been pursued with more gratifying results than in that branch of inquiry which seeks to unravel the causation of tropical diseases. Our nation is so essentially a colonising one that it becomes a matter of great importance that the nature of the ailments liable to attack us in foreign lands should be made known to us both as regards means of cure and means of prevention. Readers will be familiar in this connection with the really wonderful work accomplished by Ross and others in the tracing-out of the origin of malarial fever. The demonstration of the mosquito as the bearer of the microbes, and of its inoculating man with the germs of the ailment, is of very full and complete character. The life history of the microbes is known, and the cycle of their development fully traced, and so by the abolition of the mosquito we shall be enabled to cause malarial fever, if not to cease, at least to hide its diminished head as a frequent ailment.

The Tropical School of Medicine will have many interesting problems to face ere its labours can be said to have attained even to the middle degree of excellence. The work is laborious and the subjects varied, while research is often of an extremely difficult nature, both as regards locality and methods. One of the latest subjects illustrative of the benefits conferred on suffering mankind by scientific investigation is that represented by a curious ailment known as "sleeping sickness." Lately it was announced that three negroes had been sent from the African West Coast to the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, in order that, as sufferers from this curious ailment, the disease might be duly studied. Full accounts of the sleeping sickness have been published in medical journals, and the nature of the ailment itself presents us with many points of extreme practical interest. As indicated by its name, this trouble is marked by the invasion of a lethargic state in which all the faculties are affected and wherein ultimately death occurs through the patient's passing into a state of deep coma or unconsciousness.

The symptoms gradually increase in intensity. The speech is affected, and the patient exhibits a perpetual drowsiness. His walk is unsteady, and there are signs of a feverish attack also to be seen in a rise of temperature and an increase of pulse. Finally, the drowsiness becomes fixed and permanent, and the body comes to exhibit marked signs of wasting, death coming as a happy ending to a period which, if not marked by intense suffering, at least represents one of hopeless existence. Naturally, such an ailment, singular in character and apparently mysterious in nature, attracted the attention of those who came in contact with cases. The sleeping sickness, or African lethargy, has been known for at least a century, and its essentially fatal nature was also clearly defined. It affects the native population only, but, if I mistake not, there is one case on record in which a white person succumbed. This would point to the fact that the white race may fall victims when it is placed in a similar environment to the black and native subjects. The distribution of the disease in Africa is fairly wide. The West Coast at large is affected; it has appeared in the Congo basin, and it has occurred in Uganda. Cases have been traced in the French Antilles and West Indies. These last probably represent the results of an infection originally African in nature.

Most readers are aware that in the case of diseases induced and caused by germ-infection a certain period of time elapses between the reception of the microbes by the body and the outbreak of the symptoms they cause. This period is termed that of "incubation"—the microbes are hatching and developing, so to speak, and preparing to launch forth their legions into the body at large. Now, in the case of the sleeping sickness a curious phase of things is found in the unusually long interval occupied in the invasion of the frame. It has been alleged that after infection the microbes may incubate for two or three years. Other opinions set down the average period between infection and the appearance of symptoms as being represented by an interval varying from six to eighteen months. This alone is a noteworthy point, indicating the slow fashion in which the microbes are developed, and it stands out in striking contradistinction to the case of such a germ as that of, say, scarlet fever, which proceeds very rapidly to the business of swarming over the attacked body.

The all-important question of the exact causation of sleeping sickness has been satisfactorily determined. The disease, it is evident, attacks the nervous centres. This much is clear from the persistence of the lethargy which forms so prominent a symptom of the trouble. Examination of the fluid which occupies the central canal of the spinal cord and the brain-cavities in cases of the disease reveals the presence therein of certain curious microbes. These are of low animal nature, and are therefore unlike the ordinary germs, which are plant organisms. The sleeping sickness dates its origin, then, from what has been called a "trypanosome." Now, like organisms are known to cause the "tsetse-fly" disease of Africa, described graphically by Livingstone, an ailment very fatal to horses and cattle. The animals bitten by the fly are inoculated with the microbes which the insect has derived from the bodies of previously affected animals. It is now established that sleeping sickness is similarly caused. A species of tsetse fly inoculates man, and can produce the disease in monkeys. In natives the germs are found in the blood without causing sleeping sickness. They give rise to a fever, but it is only when the germs invade the nervous system that the true ailment is produced. The abolition of the flies would mean the repression of this disease, and science is to be congratulated at least on its demonstration, so far, of a distinct cause of this serious evil.

ANDREW WILSON.

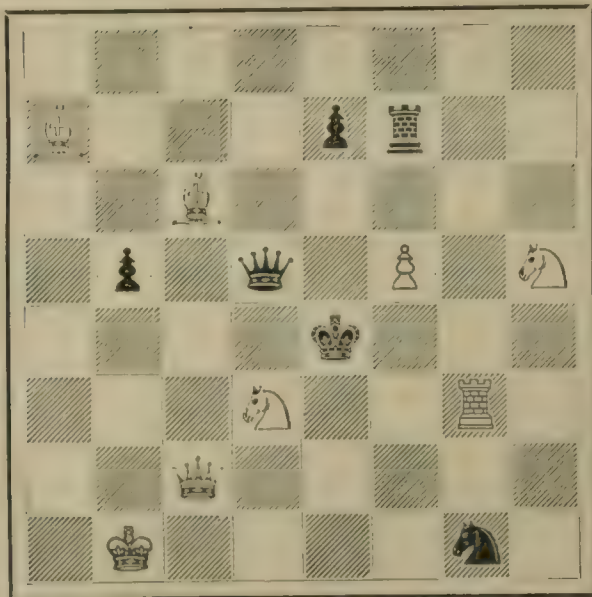
CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R J LONSDEN (New Brighton).—You are quite right. Our remark was, of course, based on an oversight. Thanks for your kind remarks.
D D HODE (Bombay).—There is no solution other than the author's to No. 3098. The defence to the move you propose is 1. P to Q 8th becomes Knight, etc.
C J HIGGINSON.—We are sorry we cannot find room for your two-mover, which is correct but lacking in style.
G F STROKE (Ichang, China).—We will examine your problems with pleasure, and report in a future Number.
W L BIGGS (Oxford).—Thanks for your game, which we will play over. At first sight the defence looks like an inversion of moves in one of the irregular openings.
J DALLIN PAUL and ERNEST MAWERS (Berlin).—Your problems are marked for insertion.
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3108 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 3114 from Daroga Budri Dass (Garhwal, India); of No. 3117 from Charles Field Junior (Athol, Mass.) and D B R (Obani); of No. 3118 from Stella Rosenfeld (Wien), Emile Frau (Lyons), Doryman, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), and Dr. John Marriott (Northampton); of No. 3119 from D Newton (Lisbon), A G (Pancsova), A v Marschall (Constantinople), F Ede (Canterbury), Valentin Oppermann (Marselles), Eugene Henry, Fire Plug, and Emile Frau (Lyons).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3120 received from Doryman, E G Rodway (Trowbridge), Clement C Danby, Reginald Gordon, R Lehen (Hanover), Fire Plug, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Sorrento, F J S (Hampstead), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Emile Frau (Lyons), Martin F. Laura Greaves (Shelton), Dr. John Marriott (Northampton), Valentin Oppermann (Marselles), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), H J Plumb (Gloucester), A Dickson (Brighton), J W (Campsie), Charles Burnett, W R Coad (Walthamstow), F Henderson (Leeds), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), R Worters (Canterbury), Shadforth, Calliope (Wycombe), E J Winterwood, M Hobhouse, J D Tucker (Ilkley), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), T Roberts, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), L Desanges, Charles Aspin (Blackburn), Joseph Cook, Alice E Gordon (Kensington), and Mark Dawson (Horsforth).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3110.—By A. W. DANIEL.
WHITE.
1. Kt to B 6th
2. Q to B 4th (ch)
3. Kt to Kt 4th, Mate.
BLACK.
K to Q 4th
K takes Q
If Black play 1. K to B 4th, 2. Q to K B 4th (ch), 3. K takes Q, or moves, 3. R or Q Mates; if 1. R moves, 2. R to K 7th (ch), and if 1. P to Q 4th, then 2. Q to K B 4th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3122.—By A. M. SPARKE.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played in the competition for the Victorian Championship between Messrs. J. G. WITTON and C. G. WATSON.

(Pianchetto Defence.)
WHITE (Mr. Witton).
1. P to K 4th
2. P to Q 4th
3. B to Q 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd
5. P to B 3rd
6. B to K 3rd
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd
8. B to B 2nd
9. R to Q B sq
10. Castles
11. Kt to K sq
12. P to Q 5th
13. P to K R 3rd
14. B takes K Kt P
15. B takes B
16. P to B 4th
17. P takes P
BLACK (Mr. Watson).
1. P to K 3rd
2. P to Q Kt 3rd
3. B to Kt 2nd
4. P to Q B 4th
5. Kt to K 2nd
6. Kt to B 3rd
7. P to B 5th
8. Q to B 2nd
9. P to Q Kt 4th
10. P to Q 3rd
11. P to K R 4th
12. P to K R 4th
13. P to Kt 4th
14. P takes P
15. Kt takes Q P
16. Kt takes B
17. P takes P
WHITE (Mr. Witton).
18. Q to B 3rd
19. Q to B 3rd
20. K Kt to B 3rd
21. P to Q R 4th
22. R to R sq
23. P takes P
24. R takes R
25. R to R sq
26. Kt to Kt 5th
27. Q Kt to B 3rd
28. R to Q sq
29. Q to Q 2nd
30. P to Q Kt 4th
31. Q to B sq
32. Q to Kt sq
33. K to R 2nd
34. Kt takes Kt
35. R to Q 2nd
36. Q to Kt 2nd
BLACK (Mr. Watson).
18. P to B 4th
19. P to B 5th
20. Kt to Q B 4th
21. P to R 3rd
22. Kt to Kt 3rd
23. P takes P
24. B takes R
25. Castles
26. Q to K 2nd
27. B to B 3rd
28. R to R 3rd
29. Kt to K 2nd
30. R to K 7th
31. Kt to Q 3rd
32. R to R 3rd
33. Kt to B 2nd
34. K takes Kt
35. R to R 6th
36. R to R sq
Again clever play. The manoeuvres of this Rook have forced the adverse Queen out of action, and it now returns to go to K Kt sq with fatal effect. Black's success is a meritorious one.
37. B to Kt sq
38. R to B 2nd
39. Q to Q 2nd
White resigns.

CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played at Montreal in exhibition play between Messrs. J. MIESSES and J. D. CAMERON.

(Ruy Lopez.)
WHITE (Mr. M.).
1. P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th
4. Kt to Q B 3rd
5. B takes K
6. Kt takes P
7. P to Q 3rd
8. Kt to B 3rd
9. P to Q 4th
10. B to K 3rd
11. Q to Q 2nd
12. Q to Q 2nd
13. P takes P
14. P to Q R 3rd
15. P takes B
16. K to Q sq
17. Kt to K sq
18. P takes Kt
BLACK (Mr. C.).
1. P to K 4th
2. P to Q B 3rd
3. B to K 2nd
4. Kt to B 3rd
5. Kt P takes B
6. B to R 3rd
7. B to Q 3rd
8. Castles
9. R to K sq
10. B to Kt 5th
11. Kt to Q 4th
12. P to Q 3rd
13. P takes P
14. B takes Kt
15. Kt to B 5th
16. Kt to Q 4th
17. Kt takes B
18. Q to Kt 4th
WHITE (Mr. M.).
19. Kt to B 3rd
20. R to K sq
21. K takes Q
22. R takes R
23. R to K sq
24. Kt takes R
25. Kt to Q 3rd
26. P takes B
27. P to B 4th
28. K to B 3rd
29. Kt to Kt 4th
30. K to B 3rd
31. K to Q 2nd
32. K to K 2nd
33. K to B 2nd
34. K to K 2nd
35. K to B 2nd
BLACK (Mr. C.).
19. Q takes K P
20. Q takes Q (ch)
21. P to B 3rd
22. R takes R
23. R takes R
24. K to B 2nd
25. B takes Kt
26. P to Q 4th
27. K to K 3rd
28. K to B 4th
29. K to Q 3rd
30. P to Kt 4th
31. P to B 5th
32. P to Kt 5th
33. K to R 3rd
34. P to K 4th
35. K to B 4th
In this and the next two moves White obviously plays for a draw. Black's Pawn prove too strong, however, and a very interesting game results in a well-earned victory for the second player, who is to be complimented on his coolness and good judgment.
23. R takes R
24. K to B 2nd
25. B takes Kt
26. P to Q 4th
27. K to K 3rd
28. K to B 4th
29. K to Q 3rd
30. P to Kt 4th
31. P to B 5th
32. P to Kt 5th
33. K to R 3rd
34. P to K 4th
35. K to B 4th
And after four more moves White resigned.

JAPANESE BURDEN-BEARERS IN MANCHURIA.

The interest in the great Far Eastern campaign passes from sea to shore, and people are beginning to express a fear that Japan will not be able to maintain on the land the initial advantage she has secured upon the water. Napoleon once said that victory belongs to the general who makes the smallest number of mistakes; but even if Russia's generals are as much at sea as her admirals are off the sea, it cannot be denied that in Manchuria the advantages possessed by Japan are not apparent at present. Just as our allies had been to Port Arthur before, in the war of '95, so the Russians have been in Manchuria before, in the campaign following the Boxer rising in 1900, and they have stayed there since. But, all things considered, it may be said that the Japanese have quite a fair chance. First, they are patriots fighting for their homes, while their opponents are carrying out a campaign that is aggressive, and does not touch them nearly in the patriotic sense at least; secondly, their secret service organisation is well-nigh perfect, while Russia's is almost as full of leakage as some of her erstwhile ships of war; and, thirdly, Japan is far better prepared than Russia to fight a summer campaign.

Allowing for the natural difficulties that wait upon transport, the land campaign can hardly begin in earnest before late March. Manchuria is ice-bound at present, and will remain in this state until the end of April. So long as the ice endures, the Russian artillery and cavalry can move with ease, and the hard-fighting Cossacks, whose worth has been proved in many campaigns, will doubtless justify their terrible reputation. Japan has no cavalry worthy the name, and though she is stated to have made considerable efforts to purchase horses abroad, it is by no means certain that animals from Central Europe or South America could endure even the end of the Siberian winter. Unless the army has a series of surprises of the kind that Admiral Togo provided—and this is, to say the least, unlikely—the initial advantages of the land campaign may go to Russia, whose troops should be in command of the best possible positions.

When May begins, the entire character of Manchuria changes. The ice melts, the roads that could stand the shock of heavy artillery and the charge of countless cavalry turn slowly but surely into a morass incapable, in many parts, of supporting a loaded man. We use the term "roads," though there are no real roads in Manchuria. There is the caravan route from Seoul to Peking, and another road that passes the Yalu on its way to the Chinese capital. From Port Arthur to Wiju the east coast road skirts the peninsula, and there is a very tolerable track from Port Arthur to Mukden by the side of the railway. When the spring removes these four from the effective list, Manchuria has no roads, and the natives depend largely upon the rivers.

The natural outcome of these conditions will be to make transport exceedingly difficult, and here Japan secures a very considerable advantage. It would appear that her army organisation has taken special cognisance of the possibilities of a campaign in Manchuria. When a Japanese division moves over safe and solid ground, transport is taken in light carts built to carry a weight of 360 lb. and drawn by a single pony. So soon as the army reaches country where the tracks are too bad for even this comparatively light weight, the cart is taken to pieces and the transport is carried by men of the Transport Battalion, who have had a special training in carrying heavy weights. These bearers are largely recruited from the jinrickshaw men. Now, it is well known that many tracks will support a man and his load where a light cart and its equipment will stick, and so it happens that while the heavy Russian transport service will be in serious difficulties, and the food-supply will depend more than ever upon the threatened line of railway, the Japanese forces will be able to move over country that is quite impracticable to their opponents. The Cossack cavalry will be worse than useless, since it will not be able to operate in many places accessible to the Japanese, and the men are of little use without their horses, whose food-supply will be difficult to find.

So long as the railway is intact, the Russian case is by no means desperate, for within the full limits of the food-supply it can pour troops into the country and make good all wastage without any very perceptible drain upon the vast military resources in Europe. But should the Japanese succeed in destroying one single bridge or wrecking the permanent (!) way to any serious extent, then the position of the Russian garrisons at Port Arthur, Harbin, Newchwang, and elsewhere will be comparable to that of the mediæval knights in armour who, when they fell, remained helpless on the ground awaiting the onslaught of the enemy.

In the important matter of ammunition, Japan will derive no little advantage in a Manchurian campaign from her unique Ammunition Supply Battalion. Every army division has one of these battalions, consisting of two companies about four hundred strong. Their duty is to maintain the division's ammunition supply from the ammunition column, and the carriers, who are recruited from the artillery reserves, are able to transport considerable weights in the most effective manner. It has been assumed that the Cossacks would be able to carry on an effective guerilla warfare that would go far to tire the Japanese forces; the truth would seem to lie in another direction. The light-moving Japanese will be able to cover the ground at a time when the Cossacks will hardly be able to venture far afield.

The demoralisation that must follow such a state of things can be best understood by considering the shock that the heavy Russian ships of war have suffered from the attacks of the light torpedo craft of Japan. These vessels, that one shell would serve to sink, are hard to hit, swift to come and go, and call for the utmost resources of nerve on the part of all who are exposed to their sudden daring attacks. To keep on the defensive forces whose genius lies in attack, or to force troops that are best in defence to take the field, is the surest method of spreading the terror that precedes defeat.

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The name Lever on soap is a guarantee of purity and excellence.

LADIES' PAGES.

This year Easter falls early, so that there will be time for more marriages to be arranged after Lent and before the other period usually avoided, the month of May, is in the way of prospective brides and bridegrooms. In the last week or two before Lent there were a number of fashionable marriages even beyond the ordinary increase of the season, and the most remarkable feature was the number of marriages of heirs to peerages. The Duke of Norfolk's wedding, of course, stands by itself as that of a widower; but amongst the marriages of prospective peers were those of the Earl of Kerry, elder son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Captain the Hon. Charles Monck, the heir of Viscount Monck, and Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke.

Miss Hope, now Countess of Kerry, was attended in novel fashion to the altar by four little boys leading as many tiny bridesmaids; a quaint revival in miniature of a desirable old custom—that of having a groomsman for each bridesmaid. The children were all in white, except for the boys' coats, which were in cloth of the pretty soft shade of blue of the Order of St. Patrick, the "loyal colour" of Ireland, and braided profusely with white silk braid; these were worn over white satin breeches, white silk stockings, and satin shoes. The little maidens were picturesquely attired in Greenaway frocks of white silk muslin, with close-fitting muslin Dutch bonnets turned back at the corners and embroidered. The bride's dress was singularly simple. It was composed of white chiffon only, with no lace and no embroideries in spangles, but merely trimmed with raised chiffon flowers and leaves; her plain tulle veil was worn over a coronet of myrtle, and she carried a prayer-book bound in white instead of a bouquet. Lord Kerry is one of the numerous descendants of the venerable Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn, and although her Grace is over ninety years of age she was present at the ceremony.

Miss Portal, who became the Hon. Mrs. Monck, had three little pages in attendance, dressed in the uniform of the Coldstreams, the regiment to which Captain Monck now belongs, but the date chosen for the boys' dresses was the period of the battle of Waterloo, where the Guards so distinguished themselves. The bridesmaids were in delicate green crêpe-de-Chine, with hats and shaded ostrich plumes *en suite*. Another exceptionally interesting wedding was that of Captain the Hon. Ferdinand Stanley, of the Grenadier Guards, in the Guards' Chapel. Her Majesty is the godmother of the bride, the Hon. Alexandra Fellowes, and honoured with her presence the wedding of the Earl of Derby's son with Lord de Ramsey's daughter. The wedding gown was white satin trimmed with fine deep lace flounces,

and belted with silver tissue, under a train of brocade embroidered in diamanté and trimmed with a long trail of orange-blossoms; and the maids wore white accordion-pleated chiffon over gold gauze, with gold embroidery trimmings, and in their hair were wreaths of golden leaves. As if in harmony, the Queen wore gold trimmings on her gown of violet velvet; little dingle-dangles of gold were sparingly but adequately employed, not only on the bodice and round the skirt, but also on the dainty muff that her Majesty carried and on her toque.

A clever dressmaker, one who professionally, of course, appreciates the laudable desire to be well attired, has been talking to me about the present day's extravagance in dress. She says that the chief difference that she notices from the days, twenty-five years or so ago, when she began her apprenticeship, is the anxiety of every woman now to have something distinctive and quite unlike anybody else's costumes. The infinitude of detail that this desire necessitates is, in her view, the chief reason for the rise in the price of frocks. She blames the newspapers largely for the change of opinion in this matter; when one's dresses are apt to be described in a fashion paper that everybody sees, it is necessary to have some distinctive points about it, and also to have a great variety of different gowns. However that may be, certain it is that dress grows more costly year by year, and also that the detail becomes more accentuated. Gaugings and pleatings and pipings appear on the skirts and tops of the sleeves, insertions of lace, bands of embroideries, braids, and passementeries are set in all possible places, sequins, lace medallions picked out with coloured needlework, and a variety of costly ornamental details, all of which need designing into agreeable form first and applying by hand labour afterwards, are added wherever they can be put. Now this detail must needs make

the dressmaker's task a long and therefore a costly business. Perhaps the extravagance will be diminished by the scarcity of money at last. In the meantime fashion must be followed, to some extent at least, if one would keep up with the movement, and the utmost economy that can be advised with due regard to keeping pace with one's neighbours is to have few dresses, but thoroughly fashionable and nice ones, and wear them unblushingly often, and do not try to store them up.

Sleeves are the most important feature of the dresses of the day. They are really huge, near the

A CLOTH DRESS WITH VELVET RUCHINGS.



Dear Odol, I write to ask
Kindly send a little flask
Of my very own to use,
As my darling mammy does.

Just to keep my teeth all right,
Make them nice and clean and bright,
Quite a tiny one will do;
Send one for my dolly too.

Odol, according to modern Science, the best preparation for cleansing the Mouth and Teeth.

The Simplest Truths are Mightiest in their Force!! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

'Her joy was Duty, And love was Law.'

ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST POETIC GEMS:
MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dare to own,
For something better than she had known.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,
And asked a draught from the spring that
flowed
Through the meadow across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter
draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and
trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming
bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered
whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown;
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
"That I the Judge's bride might be!
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
"And praise and toast me at his wine.
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
"My brother should sail a painted boat;
"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
"And the baby should have a new toy each
day.
"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
"And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
"Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
"Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
"But low of cattle and song of birds,
"And health and quiet and loving words."



Maud Muller.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
"Show her wise and good as she is fair.
"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
"Like her, a harvester of hay:

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
So closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in Court an old love tune
And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.
He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.
And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah that I was free again!
"Free, as when I rode that day,
"Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.
But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."
Alas! for maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

WHITTIER.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?
THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS
ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as 'FRUIT SALT' to check disease at the onset! Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let it be your companion, for, under any circumstances, its use is beneficial and never can do harm. It is absolutely essential to the healthy action of the animal economy. To travellers, emigrants, sailors, or residents in tropical climates it is invaluable. By its use the blood is kept pure, and fevers and epidemics prevented.

The use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' Rectifies the Stomach and makes the Liver laugh with joy!

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.—Cavendish Square, W.: Oct. 26, 1894. "Dear Sir,—I have recently returned from Eastern Equatorial Africa, where I lived for upwards of twelve years. I enjoyed phenomenal health, and in my opinion it was undoubtedly owing to the daily use of your 'FRUIT SALT,' the beneficial qualities of which I had previously found in England. I have no hesitation in saying that my life was preserved by it. On my way home I had a severe attack of intermittent fever, the sea was rough, and the ship's medical attendant was (as that officer usually is) prostrate with *mal de mer*, and unable to attend to anyone. The fever gained and gained on me, but after a few doses of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' I at last fell into a refreshing sleep, and found on awakening that the intense thirst had gone, and long before I had arrived at Aden was as well as I had ever been in my life.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, ANGLO-AFRICAN."

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Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule, and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Otherwise you have a WORTHLESS Imitation.

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wrist in particular. At the shoulder they are cut to slope off the top of the arm, giving a long shoulder seam and a drooping effect to the whole sleeve. Just below that they are often gathered or tucked in a number of infinitesimal lines; or sometimes there is a flat and tight-fitting upper portion of the sleeve proper, usually cut in one with the shoulder-piece, reaching to about half-way or rather more below the shoulder, and thence a flow of flounce-like frillings or lace-falls makes the rest of the sleeve, the width gradually increasing to near the wrist. A yoke and empiement at the sleeve-tops, cut all in one piece, may be seen often embroidered as a shaped arrangement. These are for the more dressy gowns, for which face-cloth of the finest weave is a favourite material, and will remain so till summer heats arrive (if it be that ever again we are to experience such joys). The tailor gowns of firmer fabric may have a simpler sleeve cut in a gradually widening fullness from shoulder to wrist; but even these frequently boast three or four lines of cording or rows of narrow gauging at the top to bring the sleeve there close to the shape of the arm, and thereby emphasise the fullness below. It is a noticeable fact, amid this fullness and fussiness of the sleeve of the hour, that Queen Alexandra has twice appeared recently on smart occasions in a dress with sleeves practically tight-fitting. Such was the case with the velvet dress above described as worn at the Stanley and de Ramsey wedding; and such was also the black velvet sleeve worn at the Windsor sale of Irish goods, the top being coat-shaped, of velvet, and a deep cuff to the elbow of silver and jet sequined white satin also fitting the shape of the arm. Presumably her Majesty does not approve of the riot of the fashionable sleeve. Her influence has been steadily against exaggeration of any sort in dress throughout her leadership of society.

One of the illustrations this week is of an evening dress in white chiffon, much gathered and trimmed with frills and bands of lace. On the other figure, the veil falling down at the back which I described a few weeks ago may be seen depicted. It is of black tulle, as here sketched; but white lace, or net edged with Brussels appliqué in sprigs, is more generally used. The effect is pretty; most faces are suited by something drooping at the back of the head. Those who own long lace veils bequeathed by their grandmothers will find it possible to utilise those long-cherished and unserviceable treasures; and then the lace end will fall down over the hair. The dress is of cloth, trimmed with velvet ruchings.

In the Australian Federal Parliament elections in December, at



AN EVENING GOWN IN CHIFFON.

which women voted for the first time on equal terms with men, there was one lady candidate, who was not, however, returned. The expectation that the women voters would take advantage of their opportunity to record an opinion was not mistaken. The special correspondent of the *British Empire Review*, the organ of the Duke of Devonshire's League of the same name, says: "The women of New South Wales certainly justified their recent enfranchisement; but the men in Sydney were more excited about the test cricket match that was proceeding, and it being a public holiday, numbers went out to watch the cricket, to the neglect of the polling booths." The Labour party, which is frankly Socialistic, has shown quite unexpected strength in the election, and, of course, as soon as this fact was telegraphed over here, various newspaper-writers hastened to attribute the result to the women voters, without any justification for doing so. The same correspondent just quoted, however, informs us that the chief victory of the Labour party is in Queensland, where they have taken all the seats in the Senate and all but one in the House of Representatives. Now, it so happens that this is precisely one of the only remaining two Australian States in which the women are so ill-organised that they have not yet obtained the local or State franchise; therefore it is the one where it is least probable that they banded together to decide the fate of the Federal candidates, though, of course, they had votes in that election.

Women everywhere differ among themselves in opinions, just as men do, and probably their views are formed and influenced in precisely the same way—namely, by the associations produced by station at birth, by training, and surrounding circumstances. A striking illustration is before us in the difference of opinion about the new Education Act, in connection with the forthcoming London County Council election. On the one hand, a meeting has been held by the Women's Diocesan Association, addressed by the Bishop of Stepney in person and by the Bishop of London by letter, to make arrangements, to quote the Diocesan, to induce "the women belonging to the Association to strain every nerve to return members to the London County Council who will see fair play to the Church schools." On the opposite side, it is a historical fact that the women members of the London School Board, who are now ousted from election, were in almost every case supporters of undenominational education and in favour of the abolition of sectarian teaching in all public schools. Moreover, on Jan. 29, at one of the last meetings that the London School Board with its elected women members will ever hold, it was one of those ladies, Mrs. Bridges-Adams, who moved a resolution (which was not carried) to the effect that the Board should express its opinion that all State-aided schools should be under full public control, and should give only secular instruction; and another lady member, Mrs. Miall-Smith, spoke to the same effect at a meeting on Feb. 18 at Queen's Hall.

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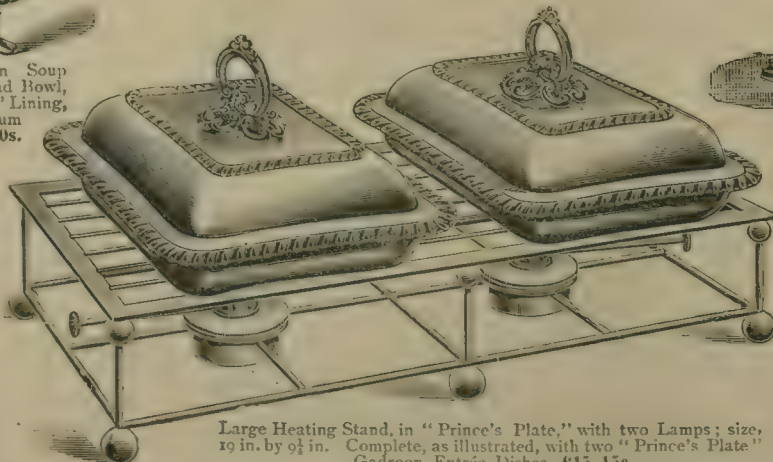
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£1 17s. 6d.;
11 in. do., £2 15s.
Solid Silver.
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BOVRIL



*"Wherever
did I put
that BOVRIL?"*

A "hash" flavoured
and strengthened
with **BOVRIL**
never palls on the
appetite.

"Tell the Cook."

"Wherever did I put that BOVRIL?"

ART NOTES.

The Painter-Etchers (whose title, by-the-by, is questionable, for the art of etching from nature is not necessarily a painter's art, nor like it), show much that is fairly good this year, but little that is remarkably so. The absence of Sir Seymour Haden's work, and of Mr. Cameron's, is a sensible loss, but M. Legros exhibits several of his small but distinguished plates, expressive in line and fine in feeling. Sir Charles Holroyd shows much of his very interesting work, and Mr. Brangwyn makes what will be to most people his first appearance as an etcher. The exhibition is therefore not dull, and M. Pierre Jeannot would give it animation even if it were. There is not much of the rapid, note-taking etching that was so much practised in France when the passion for etching arose towards the end of the 'sixties, and which outlined a cloud in flight, with a touch like that of the wind; and a reaction in favour of something much more deliberate and less dependent on the line itself seems to have taken place in the mixture of mezzotint and etching.

In detail, we have something besides praise for Mr. Brangwyn's splendidly effective work. It is not only effective, but somewhat "sensational" with its abrupt shadows, its masses, its depths of tone and darkness. Whether all be true or not, however—whether the figures in "The Castello" have been, even summarily, studied from life, and whether the material of the wood in "A Shipyard" is rendered convincingly or not—Mr. Brangwyn's plates are imposingly artistic and vivid. So, in their way, are Mr. Alfred East's "Villa d'Este, Tivoli," and his "Clear Evening," in aquatint. M. Legros has a group which somewhat recalls the feeling of Puvion de Chavannes in his "Triomphe de la Mort—la Mort chez une Famille de Marins," a tragic scene which hardly brings

emotion home. We greatly prefer his mere landscape, in which the lines convey so much—"La Passerelle" and "Repos au Bord de la Rivière." Mr. Spence etches what used to be called "history," and the attempt is serious and commendable; but his work, depending much for its value on the drawing of the figure, misses the strength of close study of life.



Photo. C. R. 66.

THE KING'S RESIDENCE DURING HIS VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH: ADMIRALTY HOUSE.

During his four days' visit to his greatest naval station, the King was the guest of Admiral Fisher at Admiralty House, Portsmouth.

M. Edgar Chahine exhibits an interesting portrait of Mr. Alfred Stevens, and among other interesting plates are to be noticed "The Long White Rod" of Mr. C. J. Watson, and his "Saint Riquier"; "Oxford from the Sheldonian," by Mr. W. Monk, who has overcome extraordinary difficulties; "The Carrier's Yard" and "The Market Hall," by the same artist; and Mr. Wyllie's flat seas and scattered boats—"Medway Fishermen" and "A Calm, Bawley."

Part of one wall of the gallery is devoted to some engravings by Andrea Mantegna, valuable examples of this fifteenth-century master, but not representing his greatest powers. Mantegna was more original than his noblest contemporaries, less bound by the elegant conventions of Renaissance composition, for example; and the student will find very many suggestions of a peculiar independence in his manner of combining figures. Much speculation has been devoted to the solution of the question which of these great Italians was most a Greek. It is a subtle question, and carries the critic far. But this is a tenable opinion: that if Botticelli was indirectly Greek, Mantegna was directly Greek; he seems to touch antiquity more nearly than do the others.

To have been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for sixty-seven years is the boast of only one English painter, Mr. George Frederick Watts. "The Wounded Heron," which, with two portraits, he sent to the Royal Academy in 1837, was shown at the New Gallery only three or four years ago. Its main interest lies, perhaps, in the little likeness it has to the artist's later work.

W. M.

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The will (dated June 17, 1903) of William Frederick, Lord Heytesbury, of Heytesbury, Wilts, who died on Aug. 15, was proved on Feb. 4 by Robert Hildyard Henley Eden and William d'Oyley Harman, the value of the estate being £213,226. The testator leaves all his property to his wife, Margaret Anna, Lady Heytesbury; but should she predecease him, then, in trust, for his daughter Margaret Elinor Holmes A'Court for life, and then as she shall appoint to her children.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1901) of Colonel Arthur Brooksbank, of Middleton Hall, Yorkshire, who died on Dec. 21, was proved on Feb. 3 by Captain Arthur Heywood Brooksbank and Hugh Lonsdale Brooksbank, the sons, the value of the estate being £118,323. The testator gives his real estate at Tickhill to his son Hugh Lonsdale; the horses, carriages, furniture, and farm stock to his son Arthur Heywood; and £3,000, in trust, for his son John Lonsdale. He appoints two sevenths of the funds of his marriage settlement to his son Arthur Heywood, and one seventh each to his children George, Eleanor, Richard Gylby, Mrs. Anna Maria Wrangham, and Hugh Lonsdale. The Middleton Hall estate and the residue of his real and personal property he leaves, in trust, for his son Arthur Heywood, for life, and then as he shall appoint to his issue.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1903) of Mrs. Eliza Margaret Ross, of Chestham Park, Henfield, Sussex, widow, who died on May 18 last, was proved on Jan. 26 by



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George Coveney Bird, the brother, William Valentine Felton, and Albert Scott, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £107,307. The testatrix gives freehold property and a ground rent at Wimbledon to her nephew Percy Hyde Bird; £200 to Emily Scott; £400 to Thomas Davies; and £250 to William Valentine Felton. One third of the residue of her property she leaves, in trust, for her brother George Coveney Bird, for life, and then as to £5,000 to his wife, Nina, and the remainder to her nephews and niece, Percy Hyde Bird, Leslie Bird, George Henry Morris Saunders, and Ella Margaret Saunders; another third, in trust, for her brother Henry Ross Bird, for life, and then for his wife, Maria Pymm Bird, while she remains his widow, and subject thereto for her said nephews and niece; and the remaining one third to her sister Emily Wildfang, for life, and then to her said nephews and niece.

The will (dated April 23, 1890) of Major Henry Currey, of Rodney Street, Liverpool, who died on Jan. 8, has been proved by Robert Cargey Currey, the brother, the value of the estate being £92,623. The testator gives the household furniture, etc., to his brother Robert; £3,600, in trust, for his sister, Eliza Joyce Tomlinson, and her children; and £2,400, in trust, for the children of his deceased sister, Ellen Mawdesley. The residue of his property he leaves between his brothers Robert and John, or their issue in the event of either of them predeceasing him.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1893), with three codicils (dated June 12, 1895, May 15, 1899, and March 27, 1902),

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of the Rev. Arthur Coles Haviland, of the Rectory, Lilley, Herts, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on Feb. 13 by Mrs. Jane Mary Haviland, the widow, the Rev. Edmund Arthur Haviland, and Reginald Henry Haviland, the sons, and Thomas Alexander Dashwood, the executors, the value of the estate being £92,049. The testator gives £500, the household furniture, jewels, horses and carriages, and an annuity of £700 to his wife; £50 to Mr. Dashwood; and legacies to servants. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 30, 1902) of Mr. William Lee, of Arncliffe, Middleton Road, Higher Crumpsall, Manchester, who died on Jan. 8, has been proved by Harry Lee, the son, and Archibald Wood, the executors, the value of the estate being £64,758. The testator gives £200 each to the Salford Royal Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital (Manchester), the Central Hall (Manchester), Dr. Stephenson's Children's Home, Orphanage, and Refuge, and the Children's Hospital (Pendlebury); all his house and landed property to his wife; £250 each to his sons and daughters-in-law; £500 and £12 a month to his sister Betsy Lee; £200 each to his grandchildren; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1902) of Miss Louisa Mary Henrietta Vernon Wentworth, of Southwood, Buxton, and Moota Moola, Cheltenham, who died on Dec. 7, was proved on Feb. 9 by Frederick Charles Ulick Vernon Wentworth, the nephew, Mortimer Rooke, and William Evelyn Long, the



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executors, the value of the estate being £31,907. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Church Army and the London Anti-Vivisection Society; £500 to the Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews; £300 each to the London Missionary Society, the South Yorkshire Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Pet Ponies, the Religious Tract Society, the London City Mission, the Free Air (Children's) Mission, the Hospital of St. Francis (New Kent Road), the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, the Barnsley Ladies' Association for the Care of Friendless Girls, the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association, the Barnsley branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Barnsley branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Home of Rest for Horses (Acton), and the Dogs' Home (Battersea); £200 each to the Association for the Benefit of Widows and Orphans of Railway Servants Killed on Duty, the Mission to Seamen, and the Manchester City Mission; £100 each to the Soldiers' Institute (Portsmouth), the Beckett Hospital (Barnsley), and the Devonshire Hospital (Buxton); £500, in trust, for the payment of her subscription to the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the balance towards the payment of a Scripture-reader for the parish of St. John, Barnsley; and £250 each to the minister of Trinity Church and the Vicar of Fairfield, Barnsley, for the support of their schools and for the poor. Subject to a few other legacies, she leaves the residue of the property to her niece Muriel Hester Long.

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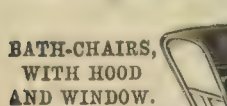
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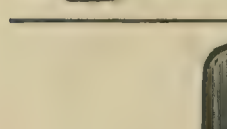
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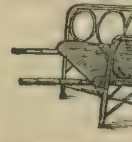
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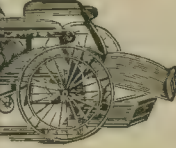
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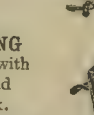
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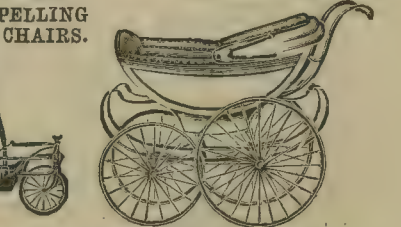
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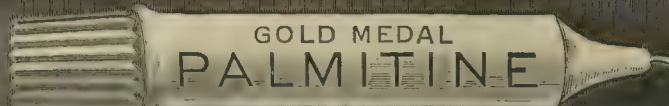


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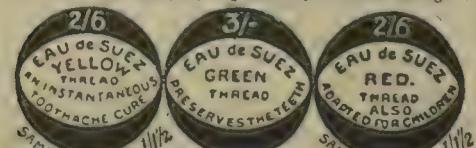
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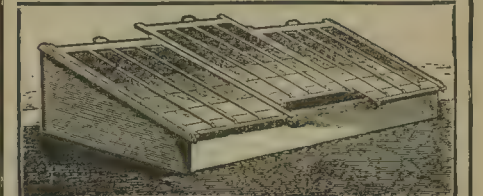
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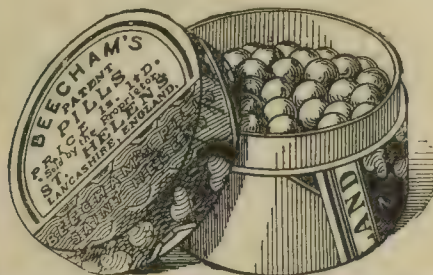
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the right thing to do when the tide turns, or the storm breaks, or the ship of life's happiness seems in danger, is the best proof of wisdom in man or woman. But, whatever happens, you can neither enjoy good nor conquer evil fortune if you fail to keep your bodily and mental forces up to the mark. Happily,

YOUR

health is a matter very largely under your own control. A congested liver, a disordered stomach, clogged inactive kidneys, headache, sleeplessness—these are evils you can effectually dispose of by adopting BEECHAM'S PILLS as a remedy; and if, by the present reminder, you are led to try this valuable medicine, you may certainly regard it as a piece of splendid good

LUCK!



BEECHAM'S PILLS

are prepared only by the
Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM,
ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE,
and Sold Everywhere.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Nicholson's

"N S S"

Whisky

J. & W. NICHOLSON & CO., Ltd.,
Distillers and Rectifiers.

'STRAND' HALF-CHRONOMETER.
Only Makers of this Watch.

18-ct. GOLD,
Full or Half
Hunting Cases,
£16 16s.

SILVER,
Full or Half
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Non-Magnetic,

£1 1s. extra.

ALL ENGLISH, and fitted with our
Patent Dust and Damp-proof Cap.

S. SMITH & SON, LTD.

Watchmakers to the Admiralty,

As supplied to
H.M. THE KING.
THIEF, DUST,
AND DAMP
PROOF.

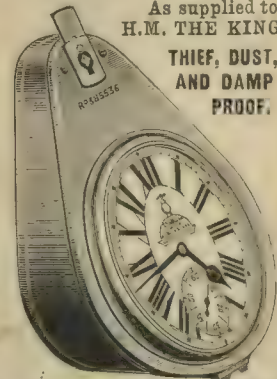
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All our Watches, Clocks,
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THE NEW ANGULAR SHAPE.
Our Regd. "STRAND" Motor
Timepiece in Nickel or Brass. Two
sizes, 5 by 3 1/2, 3 3/4 by 2 1/2. 30 hour,
£2 10s. 8 day, £4 4s.

Makes the Skin Soft as Velvet.

BEETHAM'S
'LAROLA'

Is Unequalled for Preserving
THE SKIN & COMPLEXION
FROM THE EFFECTS OF
FROST, COLD WINDS, & HARD WATER.
IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL
**ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, TAN,
IRRITATION, CHAPS, &c.**

**DELIGHTFULLY SOOTHING AND
REFRESHING AFTER CYCLING,
TENNIS, MOTORING &c.**

BOTTLES, 1s., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 6d. each. Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free in the
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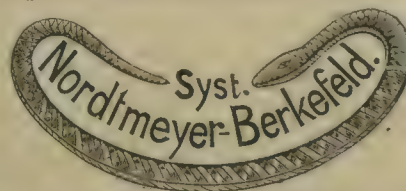
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THOROUGHLY EFFICIENT FILTER which can be easily fitted to your
house supply pipe?

**DO NOT BE MISLED BY FILTERS ADVERTISED OF A SIMILAR APPEARANCE,
BUT INSIST UPON HAVING THE**

"BERKEFELD" FILTER
(PATENT.)

Which bears the following Trade Mark on every genuine "BERKEFELD" filtering cylinder.



THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., Ltd.,
121, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Rochester has been speaking with warm praise of the public spirit which inspires Nonconformists in dealing with the social problems of London. Preaching at a Blackheath church on Quinquagesima Sunday, he said that his Nonconformist neighbours and brethren, along with much political partisanship which he could not admire, showed also a zeal for public service which resulted in their getting hold of the municipal life of the place, while Churchmen were indifferent and careless. It should be added that Bishop Talbot has always been willing to join in temperance and social work with the Nonconformist ministers of his diocese.

Visitors to Bournemouth will regret to learn that Canon Fisher, the popular Vicar of St. Peter's, has been obliged to resign his post owing to ill-health. St. Peter's Church, with its graceful spire and majestic proportions, has always been the central place of worship of the town, and the ritual under Canon Fisher has never been extreme.

The Bishop of Winchester is slowly recovering after his recent serious illness. At the end of last year he suffered from a heart attack, and was ordered to take entire rest. He has also been suffering from a slight

attack of appendicitis, but no operation has been necessary.

Dean Maclure of Manchester has been indisposed and has left home for a change. He expects to return to his duties at Easter.

The Bishop of London has been telling a story which illustrates the well-known fact that the inhabitants of large towns often do not know even the names of their next-door neighbours. While at Bethnal Green, Dr. Ingram once introduced two men who had been next-door neighbours for forty years or so. "Surely, Mr. Brown, you knew Mr. Smith before," he said. "Well," replied Mr. Brown, "I do believe I seen the gentleman afore."

The English Church Mission in Korea has been placed in an anxious position by the outbreak of war. Some time ago Bishop Corfe advised withdrawal from Seoul and Chemulpo on account of lack of workers. He has with him now only two clergymen and a doctor. The S.P.G. appeals for more helpers in Korea.

Dr. Pentecost expects to be in London for nearly two months longer. He has been most successful at Westminster Chapel, where the congregations have grown from two or three hundred to over fifteen hundred. The popular American preacher has also

been well received by other congregations, and next Thursday morning he is to lecture in the City Temple on the problems of the Far East.

At the Royal Institution on Feb. 19 the exhibition of old chromatic art was supplemented by several photographs illustrating Russian life and character. These were lent by Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., who has a thorough and intimate acquaintance with the Slav and the Tartar at home.

The period for which return ordinary tickets are available on the Midland Railway will undergo a complete revision after July 1. Return tickets for distances up to and including twenty miles will be available for two days, and from Saturday to Monday. For distances exceeding twenty miles all tickets will be available for six months.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast and Western of France Railways announce that they have arranged for a service of through carriages both ways between Dieppe and the terminus, in Paris, of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, to commence running on March 1 in connection with their day services between London and Paris.

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Available for use on board Ship and Wagon. Agents Wanted.

Dear Sir,
I am very pleased with the safety razor.
I have used several kinds for the last 15 years, but I have never seen one so equal yours for finish, convenience, and ease in shaving.
It is far better & safer than any of the American safety razors.
Yours faithfully,
T. Lawrence
Capt. Magistrate

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JAMES C. INGLIS, GENERAL MANAGER.

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The worst attack of Asthma, Wheezing, Tightness of Breath, or Cough at night, instantly relieved by **CIGARES DE JOY.**
The medicated smoke checks the cough, loosens the phlegm; a little perseverance effecting a complete cure. **50 Years' Success.** 2/6 Box 35. WILCOX, 49, Haymarket, S.W., and all Chemists.



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Special CLOTHS for COLD "

At MERCHANTS' Prices.

They comprise CASHMERES, FLANNELS, SERGES, HOMESPUNS, TWEEDS and CHEVIOTS (various weights), and FRIZES. For further particulars see *W. BILLY*, p. 11. All interested in the good old-fashioned BRITISH standard materials (and which household at home or abroad is not) are urged to make note of this address; and be sure to call when in Town. Patterns and Price Lists on application; also information re tailoring. Estd. over 50 years. BRANCH DEPOT—11, HAYMARKET, S.W.

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Mr. CULLETON's Collections and Library of 2,000 Heraldic and Genealogical Works contain references to 250,000 Pedigrees of English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and Continental families. 500 Parish Registers; 300 Foreign Works of all nationalities.
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HARDEN STAR

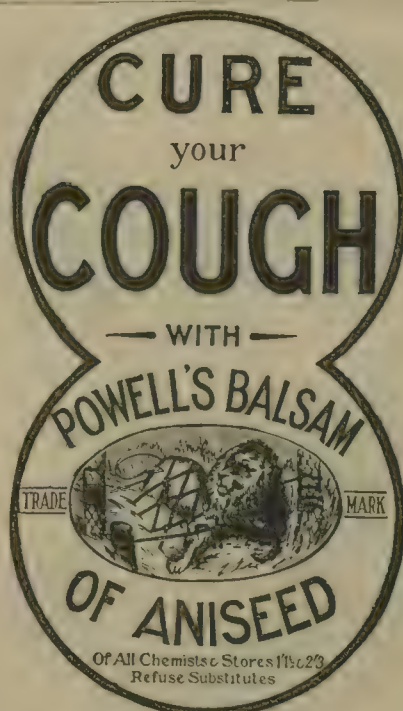
CHEMICAL FIRE-EXTINGUISHING APPLIANCES are the only reliable means for putting out Burning Oil, Spirit, and Combustible Materials, and should be in every house containing Valuable Pictures or Furniture.

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INVALUABLE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, NEURALGIA, AND ALL KINDRED AILMENTS.

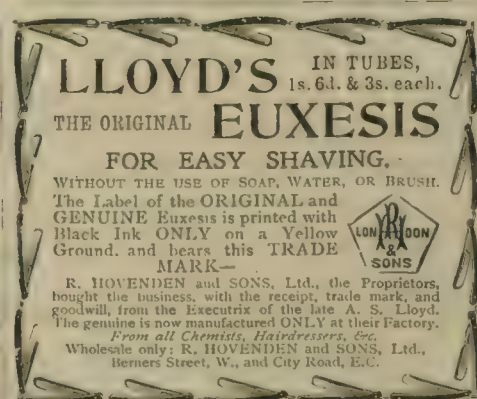
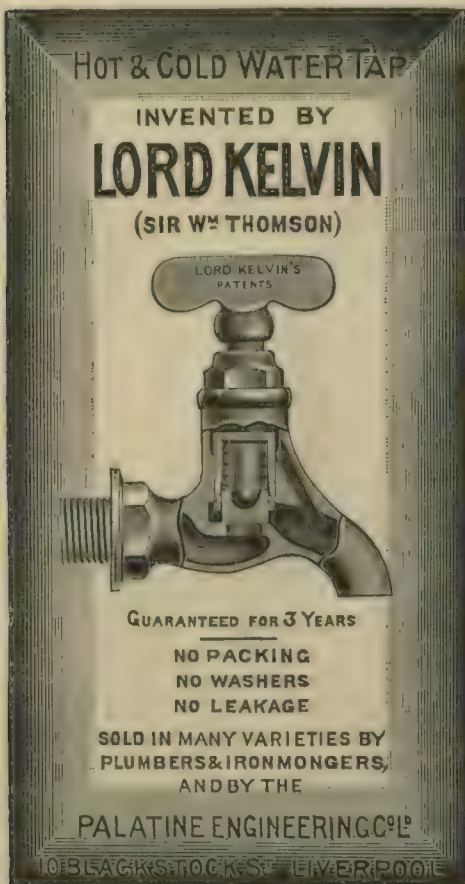
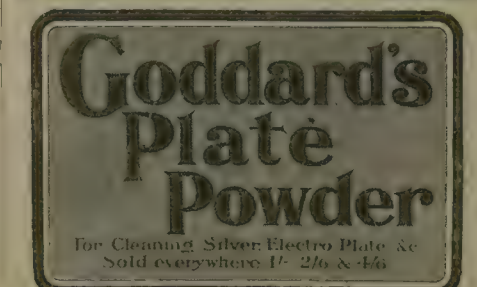
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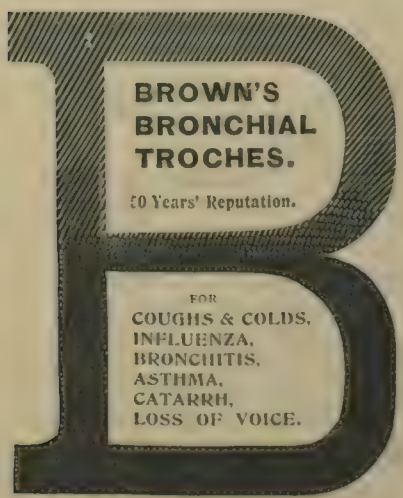
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Is the Best LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
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Delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.
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ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.
THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.
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GENUINE SWISS

Milk Chocolate

(As supplied to Her Majesty the Queen.)

Little maid, little maid, wilt thou be mine?
Thy clothes shall be silken and coloured and fine.
A handmaid in purple thy bright hair shall braid,
Thou shalt feed upon chocolate Cailler has made.

Sold by all Confectioners in 1d., 3d., and 6d. cakes, and in 6d. and 1/- boxes of croquettes.
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"SWAN"

FOUNTAIN PEN.



Three
Sizes,
10/6, 16/6,
25/- to £20,
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Sensible, Lasting,
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Guaranteed. See Catalogue Free.
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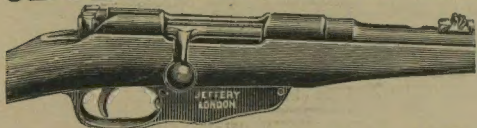
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PURITY and FLAVOUR, and especially
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SPECIAL TARGET RIFLES FOR SHORT RANGE SHOOTING.
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Small Pill.
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real hair
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Depends upon the quantity and
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When the tissues have been at work, there are thrown into the Blood waste products, and if these be not eliminated, but (through any cause) detained in the blood, they influence nutrition and function, and finally produce organic disease.

Such disease will appear in the form of ECZEMA, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, UGLY BLOTCHES and PIMPLES, or other kinds of SORES, also RHEUMATISM and GOUT. For forty years a Safe and Permanent Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases has been found in

Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising.

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SUFFERERS SHOULD READ THIS.

Mr. E. COWELL, of 19, St. John's Quay, Dublin, writes: "Gentlemen,—Having suffered for a number of years from acute Rheumatism and tried so-called remedies out of number, including electric and massage treatment, without the slightest relief, I had nearly given up hope of being cured, and had practically made up my mind that my case was hopeless, when I was advised by a friend to try Clarke's Blood Mixture. I did so, believing at the time that it would be only one more of the many failures I had experienced, but I am proud to be able to testify 'unsolicited' to its wonderful effects. I experienced pronounced relief after the first bottle, and am now, after using four bottles, in perfect health, free from all pain. I will certainly recommend your medicine to anyone I know. I need hardly state that, owing to the nature of my employment, I meet many suffering as I did.—30/10/03."

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The IDEAL COMBINATION
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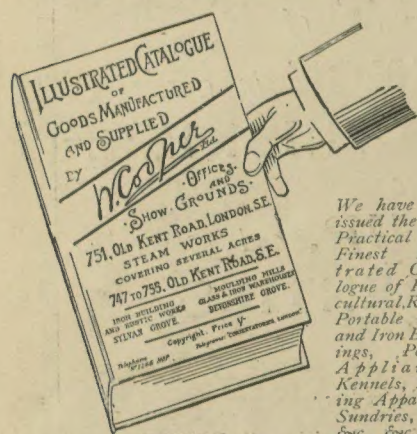
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DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

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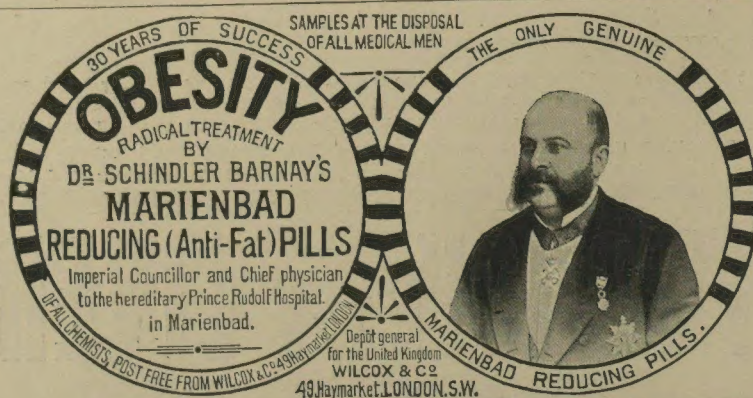
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WINE.

Of all Wine
Merchants, Grocers,
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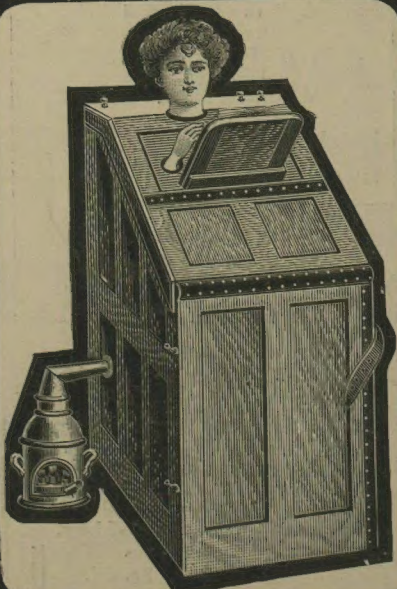


BOB: "Say, Bill! this football game broke me down."
BILL: "Never mind, my boy! a good glass of Dubonnet will put you right again!"

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It eliminates the poisonous matters from the system, increases the flow of blood—the life-current—freed from its impurities, clears the skin, recuperates and revitalises the body, quiets the nerves; rests the tired, and creates that delightful feeling of invigorated health and strength. It can be used in any room, and folds into a small, compact space. No other Cabinet is so safe, or has so many points of efficiency.

PRICES: Complete with outside Heater, Vaporiser, &c., 35s., 50s., 70s., 90s.
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NOTE.—All our Cabinets are sold under guarantee with privilege of being returned if not entirely as represented.

Send for our "Bath Book." It is free

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NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S BAROMETERS & THERMOMETERS

Of Guaranteed Accuracy

FIG. 1. AND FOR ALL PURPOSES.

Illustrated Price Lists free by post to all parts of the World.

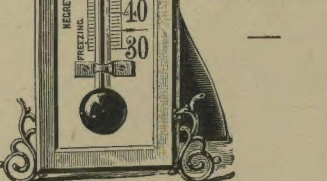


FIG. 1.—Sterling Silver-Mounted Thermometer, with Opal Glass Scale, 31 in., 18/8; 5 in., 25/-
FIG. 2.—Sitting-Room and Bed-Room Thermometer, 8 in. porcelain scale on oak back, with extra bold tube and open scale, 7/6 each.

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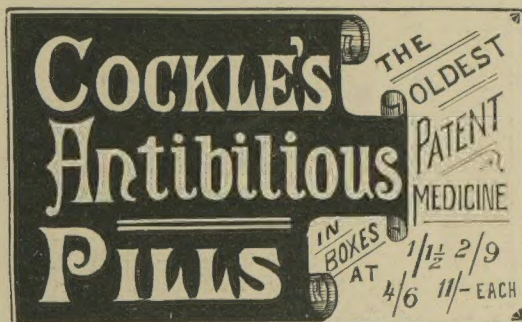
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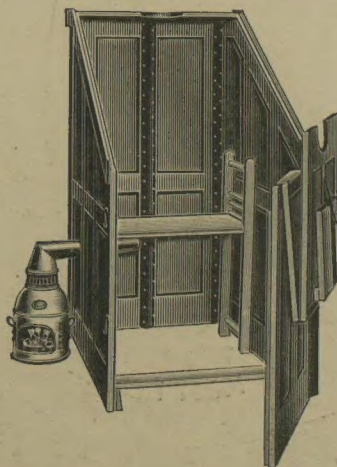
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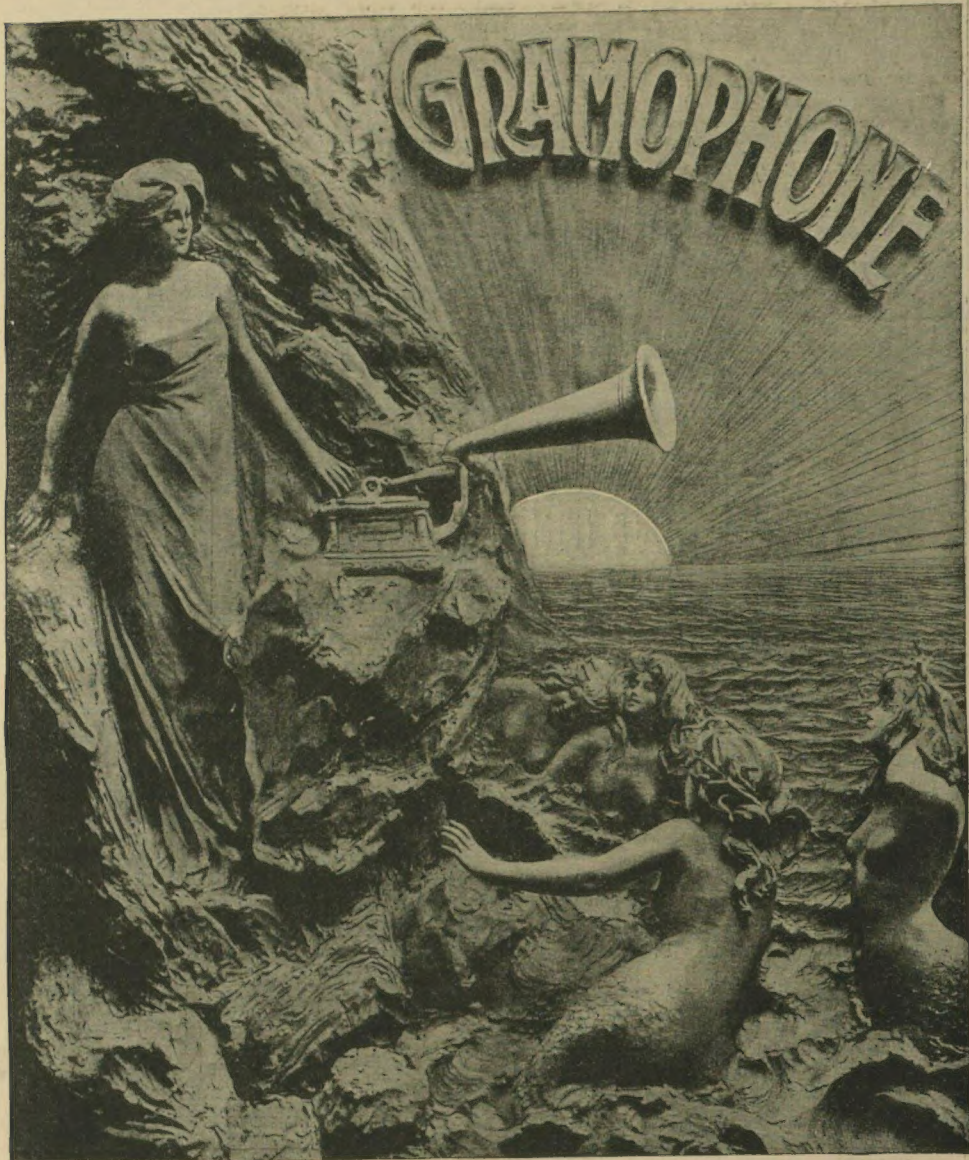
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